The Sunday Oregonian.

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…s deceived,
…and that deceiving.
…that if believed
…with true believing.
…too fast
…our youth:
…lost
…hope of truth.
—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

…THEATERS.

…have leaved out for
…and dropped their ver-
…derson, crowned with
…retired to the shores
…Jersey and puts her
…order for four months
…that Albani, Patti and
…wings for a flight
…let us look over the
…see what the theatri-
…for itself in the past
…dramatic festival at
…of the year, if not of
…as Barrett, Mc-
…not cast together
…in a lifetime; and
…without a school
…of all American
…Anderson's Desde-
…was complete.

…part, but he
…have been telling
…In no other
…is an elegant
…the display the
…surrounds his
…Richelieu is too
…statuesque and
…Forrest was
…patrician. With
…fail to him in
…attractive, Mc-
…than great.
…a piece of
…but it is nearer
…of the great
…has played
…suppresses
…is the rollick-
…and a dozen
…classroom. It
…the death of

…of crime. No
…Sullivan per-
…facial expression
…these two parts
…Anderson's Des-
…to write
…seen her,
…has been
…Evadne
…line than
…of Yam-
…Harris
…watched
…her frame
…that will
…pro-
…singularly
…has been
…her wonder-
…of human
…others to
…imitations.

…festival, however,
…years before
…this was
…nearly perfect,
…Music and
…with a street
…the Tar-
…glimpse of a
…of the
…and in the
…Gar-
…painted stat-
…modeled
…This scene
…second act
…behind the
…Sacra.
…scene
…part of the
…Brutus. In
…to realize
…described
…represent-
…In act
…a copy of
…closing
…in, if the
…The
…act. For
…different
…employed
…grand battle

…the once great
…and was
…younger of his
…of him: "It
…experiment, said
…He had
…and had
…years. But
…while rehearsing
…he disabused his
…sitting in the
…Mary Anderson,
…others were list-
…talking at
…paid much atten-
…of Murdoch's
…elated the jab-
…to the voice
…were the rich-
…hall, and it is
…that on Monday
…attention. His
…to everybody—a
…a defeat for his
…lacking the vim of
…had the scholar-
…conception,
…lacked. His
…impersonation. It
…history of this festival

…all former dramatic
…all accounts are
…doubtful if any
…ever equalled
…of Brutus was
…two incidental
…the Interior of
…Harley Merry and
…The Garden dis-
…of Brutus' house.
…monuments at least
…of the objects
…grasses, vines,
…A clear fount-
…basin, and an
…on a pedestal in
…picture of Gerome's
…Caesar" was the model
…Weston painted the
…was a great work
…The wonderful pic-
…joint product of the
…and Edward Thomp-
…the whole of the im-
…the famous temple
…temple of Vesta, the
…of Neptune, and the
…on a scale of magni-
…attempted on any stage
…Phillippi and the grand
…really seen until the
…"Julius Caesar," though
…noblest pieces in the

…URES

…historical tragedy, of which
…given to an actor to

portray the gigantic man who had lived prior to the Christian era, require no small knowledge of archæology. Anything like anachronism or want of harmony with the history of the period in which Cæsar moved and was the fruit of the whole world consigned the performance to obloquy. The costuming of the characters in "Julius Cæsar" was consigned to the experienced hands of Mr. Phillips Dazian of New York. The gentleman himself declared that he never before put material together with such exactness. The trumpeters, lictors, tribunes, centurions, soldiers and citizens were all dressed with strict avoidance of anachronisms, and no money was spared to get just what was requisite. But the costumes—all furnished by Dazian—excited admiration at all hands. The gentleman displayed not only his great archæological knowledge, but his unimpeachable good taste, and attired his people in fascinating habiliments. The costumes were a most powerful aid to the pageant, and what with the magnificent scenery, powerful cast, and beautiful dresses, it is not surprising that a great deal of enthusiasm was created.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"

By far the most elegant of all the Shaksperean comedies, was given with the French comedienne Mlle. Rhea as the capricious Beatrice, Mr. Barrett as Benedick and John Ellsler (Effie's father) as Dogberry, the minister of offended justice, armed with the law and equipped "for the comprehension of all vagrom men." The part of Beatrice was one of Adelaide Neilson's great roles and showed her off to more advantage, in my belief, than her Juliet; and there is no part in the whole range of elegant comedy which taxes an actor's powers more severely than that of Benedick. Rhea made a delightful Beatrice, graceful, pretty and full of life, but with the French accent still so marked that more than half the audience could not understand one sentence in ten. Barrett played his role like an old and accomplished comedian. He was clever beyond what his friends had believed him, and got a full share of the abundant applause that was given the various actors. Mr. Ellsler's Dogberry was one after the order of the old traditions, and was a memorable characterization. The whole performance was an enjoyable comedy play, and the audience almost forgot to be critical.

THE CINCINNATI FESTIVAL

Has been, in a word, the most unequivocal success in all the long history of the drama in America. It necessitated a vast outlay at the very start, and yet its receipts were more than enough to pay all expenses, while giving to Cincinnati the credit of achieving what might have been a lamentable failure in either New York or Boston. Dewitt C. Waugh, the superintending artist of the whole festival, has made for himself a reputation that will be worth many thousands of dollars to him. He accomplished his work by gigantic labor, a considerable amount of original talent and much study. His work was all that was desired, and he has the thanks and praise of everybody. A great deal has been said against the acoustics of the hall, and all the defense in the world will not make people who couldn't hear, say they could. The hall was too big for the purpose, but anything smaller would not have contained the audiences. There is but one other way of giving such a festival, viz.: Take a smaller place, charge the same prices, but extend the festival for twenty or thirty performances. The receipts would be as great, the expenses not larger, and the artistic success a big improvement. Even the actors complained of the vast space of the auditorium, and McCullough called it a barn. Fully one-half of the audience read the librettos during the different plays, and that ought to go to prove something.

MISS MARY ANDERSON

Will visit England during the coming season and be supported almost entirely by American actors. Had Charley Thorne lived, he would have been the Ingomar for such a lovely Parthenia, but there is no Thorne living and none capable of filling his place. Excellent an actor as Louis James is, there were parts that Charley Thorne could play and he could not touch. Manager Abbey has offered Mr. J. B. Studley the position of leading man, but he has declined, and so has F. C. Bangs. The juvenile man is Mason Mitchell, who has been filling that post with Modjeska's company up to the time of her departure from St. Louis to the Pacific coast. As the engagements made, so far, extend over a period of thirty-five weeks, it is quite probable that the actors selected by Mr. Abbey will not only have the honor of appearing in London, but in Dublin, Liverpool and Edinburgh as well. The Lyceum theater in London will be filled by Miss Anderson for six weeks, when she will be followed by Lawrence Barrett, after whom John McCullough will appear in his usual round.

MR. SHERIDAN'S ENGAGEMENT

In Australia is evidence that, while he does not please the masses, at least not enough to make any money, he delights all those who love really fine acting. A writer in the Sydney *Echo* thus speaks of his personation of the maniac king:

It was a happy idea of the management to produce "King Lear" so quickly following on the heels of "Hamlet." For if "Hamlet" be the embodiment of a vacillating will, swayed to and fro as by the rocking of the wind—a shuttlecock for conflicting emotions, vary conjectures, and subtle moralizings to play with, Lear is a Titan, drawn upon heroic scale, o'erwhelming us with his vastness, like the "David" of Michael Angelo or Handel's "Israel in Egypt." He is in every way the antithesis of Hamlet, though both are placed in much the same semihistoric surroundings. At Elsinore the other characters of the play are all subordinate, and softened into middle distance, that they may not distract the eye from the elaborate finish of the central figure; in Britain none are so, but each is boldly drawn and highly colored, and the canvas is filled with figures far above lifesize that they may cope, and harmonize with the dimensions of this mighty drama.

SHERIDAN IS HUMAN PASSION

Personified in the actor. He is intensely dramatic, but not theatrical. He presents us with a Lear of feudal, almost patriarchal, times, the incarnation of intense affection (so akin to hate) and of intense self will (for who had ever dared to thwart the grand old king), one who is "passion's slave," but passion such as Shakespeare knew it to exist in unalloyed humanity. He is a man. One sees none of the actor's art: the weighing of each vowel and consonant, the deliberate choice of every emphasis and inflexion of tone; the studied purpose of each look and gesture, the subordination of the smaller detail to the larger, and of these again to the great whole; the analysis of character, the discernment of the poet's intentions; the psychological study of the brain, and the conception and fulfilment of the player's task. Of this one sees nothing. *Ars est celare artem.* But as the result of it is seen a living, breathing picture of wild, noble, human nature falling a victim to its own intensity, ere christianity had exercised an elevating, civilization a refining, or civet and court barbers an enervating influence on man. His is neither the "passion in the gods," nor "low as of the fiends;" it savors neither of airs from heaven or blasts from hell," but, like the hand he so pathetically wipes when poor blind Gloucester would fain kiss it, "it smells of mortality."

UPON THE FIRST APPEARANCE

Of Mr. Sheridan as the fine old fellow, striking, majestic, "every inch a king," to the casual playgoer, perhaps, still hale as ever, "frosty, but kindly," though to the more attentive observer already of age-sapped strength, throughout the long and terrible experience, when, even in his madness, he feels "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," to the passing from "the rack of this rough world" of the poor, weak, shattered wreck of royalty, all was mapped out with extraordinary consistency, and executed with unerring skill. The effect of the terrible curse that Lear calls down on Goneril (one of the most appalling things known upon any stage), conjuring up, as it does, from out its very depths of indignation the tenderest images of love, was altogether cowering. Delivered, as it was, with a suppressed intensity that the writer has never seen excelled, one seemed to writhe under it and creep into one's shoes. Hardly less overpowering was Mr. Sheridan in the conclusion of the second act, when, with wits failing under his load of injury and anguish, he breaks from Regan and rushes out bareheaded into the storm. To notice the various striking details with which the mad scenes were elaborated would cover pages. One of the most noticeable features of this part of the impersonation was the ever-recurring imperious bearing of the man who had

GROWN OLD IN DESPOTIC POWER.

"The writer recollects being much surprised that this should escape so able and cultivated a Shakespearean scholar as Mr. Phelps, while Mr. Charles Kean simply burlesqued the whole affair in the days when half London went mad over that clever upholsterer's "Shakespearean (?) revivals." Another excellent thing was the marked connection in the king's disordered mind between the words "die for adultery!" and those he addressed to Regan when he met her at Gloucester's castle about "her mother's tomb;" followed by the revulsion of feeling as he ends these foul self-communings, and sadly begs the "ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination." But in one respect, like Mr. Phelps, Mr. Sheridan's strongest point is pathos, to which his musical and well-trained voice is of no small aid. The treatment of the two last acts by these two gentlemen is singularly alike, though Mr. Sheridan is the finer of the two. The gradual recognition of Cordelia as the weak old king awakes; the quiet, broken spirit, the still strayed wits, the tenderness with which he fondles her whose constant, boundless love alone has held together those frail, shattered fragments of noble ruin—all are most masterly, exquisitely pathetic, intensely touching. But of the closing scene—the score or so of lines over Cordelia's body—what shall be said of that? The fair Cordelia's answer, "Nothing!" Let those who wish to know it, as enacted by this great tragedian, go see it for themselves. There are things in heaven and earth too beautiful to touch. One of them is Lear's death. On this, at least, if speech be silvern silence is golden.

THE FASCINATING MODJESKA

Is in San Francisco, supported by Maurice Barrymore and an excellent company, but we have no idea that she will visit Portland. Our only show to catch any eastern attraction hereafter—unless somebody builds a new theater in this city, which is not likely at present—is to have them make a failure in San Francisco and be forced to try Portland in the hope of "making a raise" to get east over the Northern Pacific route. During the past winter and spring San Francisco had "Pop" with the fascinating Kate Castleton; the McCaull opera troupe, with John Howson, Lily Post and that accomplished actress Mathilde Cottrelly, and a half dozen attractions that would have filled New Market theater for a fortnight, but none of them ever saw Portland. They went back east as they came, and the great attractions with which we were threatened when the Newmarket was taken into ("taken in" would perhaps be more proper on this occasion) the Haverly circuit were nowhere to be found. Meanwhile, we have had a troupe of jubilee shouters, composed partly of cast-off negro cooks from an overland cattle-driver's camp.

MATTERS AT HOME

Have been very quiet during the past week, the only feature being the Orchestral Union concert on Friday night, to which allusion is elsewhere made. The variety show at the New Market theater for the benefit of James M. Ward, yesterday afternoon, was well attended, for the performance was well given, and those who went there expecting to hear or see a vulgar performance were disappointed. The growth of variety theaters in Portland, and the corresponding decadence of the "only legitimate theater" in the place, cannot well be wondered at when we consider the pains taken at the former places to secure the best talent that money will hire, while the latter picks up just such refuse of the San Francisco theaters as Mr. Bert sees fit to send hither. If Mr. Stechhan, who has done well and made some money during the past year, does not want to find himself back where he was before Charley Reed came up here with "Muldoon's Picnic," he will get out of the alleged "Haverly's circuit" and go it on his own hook once more.

CONSIDERABLE COMMENT

Has been made upon the singular manner in which Messrs. Wessels and Thompson were handled during their stay in this city. They were brought up here to support Mrs. F. M. Bates, a lady who lived here in former years and had a legion of friends in this city. They played one week in the "Red Pocket Book" and then were laid off to make room for Mr. Ward and wife, fresh from their triumphs in a subterranean resort on Kearney street. The pieces produced by this interesting couple were all old and not very strongly cast; and meanwhile the performers whom the people wanted to see—Messrs. Thompson and Wessels and Mrs. Bates—were walking the streets. Nobody wanted Ward—there was not an Irish comedian on the entire continent who could not have drawn bigger houses, and what was the use of people paying standard theater prices to see Ward when a better actor and in every way funnier man can be seen at the Elite for half the money? So when it was found Ward would not draw, Mrs. Bates was put back upon the stage with a very weak support (Mr. H. E. Aveling) and Wessels and Thompson sent off to San Francisco. As might have been expected, Mrs. Bates played every night of her last week to

LESS THAN EXPENSES,

As nobody cared to be bored with such wretched performances as were given there. Against Mr. Aveling we have no such prejudice as he ascribes to us. It is the principle which lay behind him that we objected to, and that was, anything is good enough for Portland. The people liked Wessels and Thompson, for, after the first night of the "Red Pocket Book," it was they who drew the audiences, and not Mrs. Bates, as is conclusively proven by the last week of her engagement. They therefore regarded Mr. Aveling as a makeshift, and stayed away from the theater accordingly. In the past six months San Francisco has had some excellent attractions, none of which ever got as far as Portland, save the Leonard Grover company, who might as well have stayed away. The alleged Madison Square troupe had but two of the Madison Square troupe in it—Leslie Allen and his daughter—the rest of the party (except Fanny Young) being such barn stormers as Mr. Bert could pick up in San Francisco to fill their places, while the real Madison Square company was playing "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the Baldwin. This sort of work is already grown threadbare, and it is high time that managers were

TAUGHT A WHOLESOME LESSON

By the play-goers of this city. There is no law to compel them to sit and listen to a threadbare piece played by a lot of amateurs whose crudities are only made the more apparent by the fact that they are supporting a "star," and when it comes down to the pinch, the people will last longer at it than will Mr. Stechhan or his partner in San Francisco. There are a great many allowances to be made for a man who does not know how to manage a theater, but none for a man that will not seek to learn. Mr. Bert, judging by what he has sent up here in the past four months, does not think Portland needs any first-class talent—anything is good enough for us. And Mr. Stechhan has only to convey the same impressions to his former patrons to find himself back where he was eighteen months ago. Personally speaking, we like Mr. Stechhan, and would like to see him make some money, but how he is going to do it by letting all the eastern attractions go back without visiting Portland, we are unable to see. If the Newmarket theater lasts six months longer, managed as it has been for the past six months, it will be the miracle of the age in histrionic entertainments.

M.

[illegible] leave Portland Monday, June 4, at 6 A. M., and connect at Puget Sound with steamer for Alaska. Therefore, have your berths reserved immediately.

TRESPASSES.

Well what are they going to do about it? Are they going to build the big hotel or not? And is [illegible] the building of the bridge? When these conundrums are asked me every day that I go down town, and I am unable to answer either of the last two, which are embraced in the first. The summer is slipping away fast, we are within three weeks of the longest day in the year, and yet there is not a brick laid in the big hotel which is to be such a benefit to Portland that not a hundred thousand dollars could be raised in this place to build it. Nor is there a pile driven in the abutments of the bridge by which it is claimed Villard seeks to divert the grain trade of the northwest from Portland to Puget Sound. Now while all this talk is going on, as one cannot deny there is some ground for it, let us look over the ground and see what sort of an outlook there is for this city.

Do you know the history of Villard's acquisition of the control of the only thing that can ever make Portland a rival of San Francisco—the Northern Pacific railroad? Do you know that six millions of dollars were raised as a "blind pool" for Mr. Villard, and that he succeeded in buying his backers into a lawsuit? Do you know who helped him out of that scrape and did more to expedite matters by healing the breach and effecting an honorable compromise than any other ten men in America? If you do not know, I can tell you. It was a plain, unassuming old steamboat pilot by the name of John C. Ainsworth. His home was once among you and would be to-day, if his health permitted it. He had left here and became a citizen of California before this trouble occurred, but he had valuable property interests here, and for that reason he wanted to see Portland made the objective point of the Northern Pacific road. Do you know what was one of the terms of the agreement by which Mr. Billings' friends were induced through Captain Ainsworth's agency to consent to the measures which placed Mr. Villard in the presidency of the road? It was that the minority should be represented in the board of directors, and in that minority I find the names of Benjamin P. Cheney, Charles B. Wright and three other men who purchased lands in and about Tacoma about as cheaply as old William Penn acquired the townsite of Philadelphia.

These men do not own an acre of land in the county of Multnomah or the city of Portland. Poor as I am, I can buy all their real estate within these corporate limits. They have contended for years that no city could be a successful emporium of commerce that was located 114 miles from the sea; that the location of Portland on the Willamette, instead of the Columbia, was a blunder in the first place; and that Tacoma is the place for the road to have its colossal wharves and monster warehouses, that the ship and car may be brought together. These men were all antagonistic to Mr. Villard's acquisition of the Northern Pacific railroad, and denounced his attempt as little better than piracy. How do you suppose they will feel toward him if he evinces a disposition to pull up stakes and let what money he has expended in Portland go for a total loss? He is a bold operator, you should recollect, and a man who talks about millions as ordinary men do about twenty-dollar pieces. Such men, when they get "hot in the collar," to use an Oregon phrase, are not apt to stand about what they have invested in one place if they see a show to get it back in another.

Suppose Villard, thoroughly exasperated over this bridge controversy, begins selling off his Portland property little by little? You must remember he bought some of it very low, and if he sells at present figures he can soon get back three dollars for every one that he has put in. If he wishes to give Portland the go-by and make her a wayside station, he has only to get *one of his own friends* in the board of directors to go with him to insure the isolation of Portland. The minority, headed by Wright and Cheney, are all "dead against" this place, to a man. Now, do you mean to suggest for one moment that Henry Villard cannot get one man whom he has placed in that board of directors to go with him on a measure of this sort? This is what you have to fear. You forget that this man holds control of a line of steamers that he can unload at Astoria, and ship their cargoes by sternwheel boat to Bonneville, if he likes. He is no good man to fool with. It is not the "bad man from Bodie" that you have to fear; it is the quiet man from Frankfort.

The talk of enjoining the construction of the bridge is very easily accounted for. There was once an attorney in this city who received an annual salary as attorney of a railroad. That road was leased for ninety-nine years by Villard, but he is a careless fellow and forgot to lease the attorney also. That attorney now represents the owners of 750 feet of water front which he wants to sell to Villard, who does not care to buy. That is the secret of Mr. Hughes' antagonism to Mr. Villard's bridge. The antagonism of Messrs. Dodd and Pennoyer are based upon less interested motives. If Mr. Hughes enjoins the bridge, away may go all the investments in Portland property that Villard promised in his New Market speech. The Grand Union depot and the big hotel will remain untouched; and the three million dollars that were to be divided among the mechanics of Portland will not be forthcoming. How much money has Mr. Hughes ever scattered among the mechanics of Portland and how much has Henry Villard?

I do not write this in any spirit of ill-will towards Mr. Hughes, with whom I have but a slight acquaintance. I do not consider him any better or any worse than a hundred other lawyers I could name in this state. They all go in to make money, and—I say this as applied to the whole legal profession in the state of Oregon—for every dollar they make in the strict practice of the law, they make ten out of speculations in which they are helped by their wealthy clients, who are anxious to see them succeed in the great battle of life. Hence I do not impute to Mr. Hughes in this case motives that I would not impute to any other lawyer in Portland, were he similarly interested. If the motive be a dishonest one, then the dishonesty lies in the profession itself and not in the individual who practices it. The history of the Oregon bar for the past twenty years does not show the most exalted code of ethics in the world.

But all this time the fate of Portland as a commercial city hangs trembling in the balance. How do we know what is going on in Villard's private office in New York, or what he may be planning to transfer the commerce of the Columbia basin from Portland to Tacoma or Seattle? You have but one remedy in the premises—take the man at his word. Certainly you have not, up to this day, had the slightest cause to doubt his sincerity in these matters—why can you not trust him now? I have already shown you who are the enemies of Portland and how easily Mr. Villard can placate them should he see fit to do so. Thus forewarned, you are all forearmed. You cannot, at this late day, afford to fight Henry Villard as you fought other men in years gone by and force them to withdraw capital from this state for investment elsewhere.

But I'll tell you what you can afford to do—you can afford to spend half a million dollars in opening a channel to the sea, to enable deep-water ships, drawing twenty-one feet of water, to load grain at Portland and get out of the river without the expense of lighterage. And it is a great deal better for you to be doing that than to be fighting Villard about his bridge. Deepen the channel and enable ships to get here, and you won't leave Messrs. Wright, Cheney et al. anything much to talk about. Make Portland a harbor for 2000-ton ships at all seasons, and show that your lots, which you now hold higher by the foot than they cost you by the acre, twenty years ago, are really worth the money. Make a straight channel down the river from Portland, past Weidler's mill to Springville, and cut the St. Helen's bar with a letter Y wing dam. And stop squandering the people's money in Swan Island, where the channel fills up just as fast as you dredge it out. Make a false channel in front of the city so straight that the force of the current will keep the channel free from sediment, which it will not do when crooked.

"The harbor is worth more to us than the railroad center," say Messrs. Dodd and Pennoyer, "because we have had prosperity here as a commercial seaport already, while the railroad center is one of the futurities of Portland." Very true, gentlemen, but where is your harbor? It is all right now, while the Montana snows are swelling the Columbia and backing up the Willamette, but where is your deep channel to come from next September when the wheat crop of the inland empire begins to come down the stream. Let me tell you, gentlemen, that while the piers of Mr. Villard's bridge may possibly create a bar or two in front of Portland, you had some bars in your river before Mr. Villard ever came to Oregon, or before Ben Holladay ever built a foot of railroad in this state.

Henry Villard invested a good deal of money in this city since 1879. It may have been all his own money, and it may have belonged wholly to other parties; but he is the party who placed that money in circulation in Oregon, and to him more than any other ten men living or dead, belongs the credit of the advance in values of property from Portland to Spokane Falls. The increase in value and the corresponding increase in rents which is becoming such a burden upon what Judge Thurman would call "the debtor class," began with Henry Villard's purchase of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's property from Messrs. Ainsworth, Thompson, Ladd and Reed in 1879. It does not antedate that transaction forty-eight hours. Now that he has made everybody else's property worth $3 where it was worth $1 in 1879, why hamper this big man with such petty annoyances? He has enough to bother him without being importuned to buy property for which he has no immediate use. The man has so far acted in good faith with the people of Portland; why then, will you antagonize him and array him on the side of Wright, Cheney, and others, who would like to divert the grain traffic of the northwest from Portland and carry it over to Tacoma, leaving this beautiful and growing city a way station by the roadside? If such is not your avowed object, you could not go to work better to bring it about than you are already doing.

I have often wondered what was in a name. All the y's in the alphabet, if it's a Welsh one. It was bad enough, too, for that man to say that Jem Ward was going to play O'Thello. But the best remark on a name that I have heard in some time was made by a young lady sitting in front of me at the concert on Friday night. "The overture to 'Nabuco'" was played with a good deal of spirit, and the Sompnour, who sat next to the young lady, said: "They played a good deal better since the intermission. Perhaps they have had some beer."

"Yes, Meyerbeer," replied the young lady. But the Sompnour had fainted.

A Nevada congressman, returning to his alkalied constituents the other day, was called upon for a speech, during the course of which he said: "I have a heart full of gratitude for your kindness." Hereupon a disreputable pasteboard manipulator in the crowd bawled out: "A heart flush, you mean." This uncalled-for remark caused the honorable member from Bull Flat to remark, by way of explanation, that he was of Irish parentage and had a brother who went to bed "Pat full" every night.

Aleck Mogler the man who undertook to get me left for the boat one day by giving me a fresh shad for breakfast, came up here last week to attend the Odd Fellows' jubilee. He likes to trip the "light fantastic" and had barely got out of Astoria when he discovered he had left his light shoes behind him. So when the Mountain Queen reached Brookfield he spied his brother on the wharf.

"Joe," says Aleck, "when the Fleetwood comes along tell Scott to go to Charley Wright and have him send me up my light shoes in a paper."

The Baron of Brookfield is deaf as a post, and did what he supposed to be correct. The next day Aleck received his "life insurance papers" out of the Occident safe. So much for trusting a man who can't hear you ask him to take a drink.

GRIZZLY.

WHERE CAN THE BRIDGE BE BUILT?

PORTLAND, May 26, 1883.

To the Editor of the Oregonian:

The driving of piles in mid-channel of the Willamette river, just below town, no matter by what person or corporation they have been driven, is totally without any legal warrant. If they have been driven by the Terminal Company, where is their right from congress or the state legislature for such a proceeding? If they have been driven by the North Pacific Railroad Company, the undertaking is equally without any legal warrant whatever. That company claims that, under the law they have a right to bridge any and all streams. True, but they have to bring their road to the stream before the right to cross with a bridge accrues. They have no legal right whatever to go two hundred miles beyond where their road stops and build a bridge. That road stops at Wallula and from thence the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's road comes to Portland. But there is no grant of right for the North Pacific road to build a bridge to connect that road with the O. R. & N. Co.'s road. The N. P. R. R. Co. must first build their road from Wallula to Portland before they can legally build a bridge across the Willamette river.

The O. & C. R. R. Co. have a right from congress to bridge the Willamette. But the terminus of that road is on the east bank of the Willamette, nearly opposite of F street in this city, and if the bridge is built under the grant of right to that road it would have to be built in the vicinity of F street, and not below, for that road does not go below that point. If these premises are correct, and they undoubtedly are, whoever is driving the piles where they are now being driven will only have their trouble for their pains. Those piles will have to be pulled out again and the channel here left as they found it, unobstructed. The lowest point down the river at which a bridge can be built by the railroad companies concerned here is F street, and if a bridge was built across at that point, although the great majority of our citizens would prefer to have it as high up as Columbia street, there would undoubtedly be no objection whatever, for the reason that quite a fair proportion of the city wharves would be left below the bridge, and for the additional reason, that at that point the river is narrow, with a cement bottom, and consequently there would be little or no danger of bars forming below the piers.

KENT.

Much Blood to Satisfy a Whim

New York Evening Post.

A person living near Windsor castle asked one of the keepers of the forest to obtain for her a young squirrel, which she intended keeping as a pet. The keeper replied that he could not, as he had received orders to kill 300 squirrels, the skins of which were wanted as cloak trimming for a certain illustrious lady resident in the neighborhood.

They gave brandy peaches in champagne at Mr. and Mrs. Suddenriches' dinner last week. People who accepted the hospitality of the "new element" in New York society are in considerable danger of being poisoned.

It may or may not be a significant fact that ladies who make a specialty of mentally polishing those of the human sex whose education has been neglected are excessively busy this summer in fashionable circles.

THE ENGLISH DERBY.

Last Wednesday, the telegraph has already informed us, the great annual event for three-year-olds was run upon the Downs of Epsom and won by a horse that as a two-year-old attracted but little attention. We allude to the chestnut colt St. Blaise, owned by Mr. F. Johnstone, who purchased him with his engagements at the sale of the horses belonging to the estate of the late W. S. Crawford, by whom he was bought from Lord Alington. He won the Biennial stakes at Stockbridge, the Molecomb at Goodwood and the Troy at Newmarket, and in none of them did he show anything calculated to create the belief that he was calculated to win a place in the Derby. He comes from a family whose forte is stoutness and endurance rather than speed, being by Hermit, out of Fusee, by Marsyas, g. d. Vesuvienne by Gladiator, g. g. d. Venus by Sir Hercules. He was regarded as a useful colt, but not the equal of Macheath or Beau Brummel, until

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS

Was won at Newmarket, when a few of the old wise heads saw that this colt was short of preparation and had run a very good race withal. The odds of eighteen to one had been freely laid against him up to that time, but the way he was backed after the Guineas soon reduced his price to nine to one, Galliard advancing to first choice at four to one against him, Highland Chief and Beau Brummel coming next in order at seven to one. The death of Prince Batthany had struck out Falmon and Keir, and the demise of Mr. Crawford had taken Macheath out of the race. A great deal of money had been placed on Ladislas for a few days before the race, and he was certainly bred for a Derby horse, being by Hampton, out of Lady Sparrow by Caterer, her dam Penance by the Flying Dutchman (winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1849) out of Crucifix (winner of the Oaks) by Priam, who won the Derby of 1830. There can be no higher bred horse in England, though he was beaten at two years old by

HIS STABLE COMPANION

Hauteur, who won the 1000 guineas for fillies without being extended. The actual field starting in the race was the following, which finished in the order named:

1—Mr. F. Johnstone's ch c St. Blaise, by Hermit—Fusee by Marsyas.
2—Lord Ellesmere's b c Highland Chief, by Hampton—Corrie by Stockwell.
3—Lord Falmouth's ch c Galliard, by Galopin—Mavis.
4—Lord Cadogan's br c Goldfield, by Springfield—Crucible by Rosecrucian.
5—Lord Hastings' b c Beau Brummel, by George Frederick—Dulcibella by Voltigeur.
6—Lord Bradford's ch c Laocoon, by Cyclops—Adversity by Adventurer.
7—Lord Falmouth's b c Splendor.
8—M. Lefevre's b c Ladislas.
9—Mr. C. Blanton's b c The Prince, by Balfe—Lady Sophia by King Tom.
10—M. Ephrussi's b c Bon Jour.
11—Thos. Cannon's b c Sigmaphone, by Young Trumpeter—Eau de Cologne.

THE WISEACRES

Made a great pot of Ladislas, because they stood to win a great deal of money if he won but he was never in the race after they had rounded Tottenham corner. Goldfield and Galliard occupied the same relative positions to each other as they did in the Guineas, the son of Crucible being at Galliard's hip. The defeat of Highland Chief must have cost his party considerable money, for they put on a good deal more after Macheath's disqualification by Crawford's death. Then came the sudden death of Prince Batthyany, which struck out both Keir and Falmon, and this gave additional impetus to their betting operations. The Galliard party must also have been hit very hard, for they won large sums of money last year and made a big clean-up at Newmarket in the Guineas. And as their horse had already beaten Goldfield, who beat The Prince, St. Blaise, Potosi, Rookery, Energy and Aerolith in his two-year-old form, they must have backed their horse freely and lost heavily.

THE AMERICAN STABLES,

Of Lorillard and Keene were not represented in this race, and there was no such interest felt in this race as was felt two years ago when Lorillard's Iroquois, foaled near Philadelphia, turned the tables on Peregrine and pulled off the prize, which we believe will not again be won by an American horse between this and 1900. Our reason for this conjecture is the fact that none of the horses beaten by Iroquois in that race have ever distinguished themselves as subsequent performers; and the probabilities are that the bald-faced son of Leamington and Maggie B. B. was a lucky horse, like Sir Bevy's, and got into a soft crowd. The spectacle of the three mares—Shotover, Dutch Oven and Geheimniss—all winning in turn the three great events of last year and no other horse but them being placed in either Derby, Oaks or St. Leger, is one of the turf miracles which will keep the touts' tongues busy for the next twenty years, and it is not likely that another "mare's year" will come again as that did for another century. And speaking of Iroquois' victory in 1881 it was witnessed by

A PORTLAND LADY,

From whose journal on the field we have been permitted to extract the following description, not only of the race itself, but of the sights and scenes along the road. She says:

"Sam and I started for the race course at Epsom Downs about 9:30 on Wednesday morning, in a Hansom cab. Our driver, who had driven to the Derby several times, was gotten up for the occasion with a tall white hat and a button-hole bouquet, made of a full blown peony and a large green leaf. His hair was very long, and fell on his coat collar in tight curls saturated with grease. Our horse was a thoroughbred chestnut and moved with ease, while our cab was new and fitted with green tartan curtains in front to keep out the dust. The day was beautiful, but there was a haziness like our Indian summer, which is peculiar to England, and, you might say, to all Europe, for there is always a dreamy haziness about the landscape in Paris, which the French people think adds greatly to the beauties of nature. Before starting we could see from our windows an unusual bustle of

PEOPLE STARTING FOR EPSOM.

We left the hotel steps in fine spirits, and were midway the bridge that spans the Thames at Northumberland avenue when St. Martins' chimed out 9:30. From London to the downs where the Derby is run is about eighteen miles. Immediately we crossed to the Surrey shore of the Thames we saw every sort and shape of vehicle, all hurrying in one direction, bound for the Derby. Lordly drags, with their four horses dancing and prancing, with a merry party of swells on top, sometimes accompanied by ladies, but usually the party was entirely of men. Many open four-horse wagons, filled with women and men, inside and out, went by us, some of them carrying brass horns which the men took turns in blowing. Carriages went by in scores, containing two, four and six people. On account of the dust, all the men wore green veils, which made them hard to distinguish from women. Hansoms, drags and carts made up the motley crew. In many places the vehicles were three and four abreast, and were obliged to keep their place in line for miles, there being

NO ROOM TO PASS ONE ANOTHER.

The most novel conveyance there, to an American woman's eye, was the pony cart. The pony or donkey (as the case might be) which drew the cart was usually very small and did not look to weigh as much as one of the men he drew in the cart. Indeed, some of them did not look much larger than a well grown Newfoundland dog. The carts usually contained four grown people; sometimes more. On every hand there were beggars, men, women and children. If you got blockaded, as was not unfrequently the case, you were surrounded by them with cap in hand, and if you threw them a few pennies they would follow you half a mile. Men and women turning hand-springs along the roadside for pennies—just think of such a sight. But the most disgusting spectacle to me was, in four different places, the children of the orphan asylums and reformatory schools, ranged along the roadside, just inside of their inclosure, with caps and bonnets in their hands, asking alms. To think of these children of the nation brought up to beg, from their very cradles, and yet

FEEL IT NO DISGRACE.

To me, an Oregon woman, the thought was sickening. There were little boys and girls dressed in their best clothes, standing and begging with outstretched hands. At one of these nurseries some of the children were as young as two years old, and were held in arms by the elder children. Never have I seen such poverty, dirt and degradation, and I may add drunkenness. I do think that the sight of "the people" on a Derby day is enough to alarm statesmen and philanthropists, and to make them feel that there is a nobler aim than foreign missions; and that right at home is a work to be done, and that without delay. It is a great sore on the English nation, and one that should be doctored without delay. There can be no virtue nor honesty among a class where there is such squalor and degradation. Think of grown women, running alongside the road and turning somersaults for a few pennies, and of the men who enjoy it and display their approval of the degrading sight by laughing and hooting at it. We passed safely through this motley crowd and reached

THE GRAND STAND

About 12 o'clock. We first went to different parts of the grand stand to select a seat. The price of a common board seat, without a back to it is $2 50, without a cover over your head, so that if it rains or the sun is hot, you must prepare to protect yourself. After deciding where we would sit, we went down stairs where we got a very good cold luncheon for $1 50 each. We then came up and took our seats, where we waited about an hour for the first race. Before it started, the course was crowded with people of every description. There were jugglers who swallowed swords; gymnasts who performed on platforms two or three feet square; gymnasts who were tied with ropes and untied themselves. They carried around plates in their teeth to collect pennies while their hands were tied. Around these different showmen there were circles formed by crowds of spectators. There were wild Irishmen dancing jigs, negro minstrels droning out plantation melodies and Gypsies telling fortunes, indeed every variety of cheap show. A little after 2 o'clock the bell rang to clear the course and the police, both mounted and on foot, began to send the people out of the track, but it was done very slowly and

WITH EXCELLENT JUDGMENT.

As they feared the people and would on no account anger them, for there were about two hundred police to half a million people. Again and again were they obliged to march up and down the course, about forty abreast, to get the people back behind the ropes. All this time the bell rang incessantly to clear the course. About half-past two the first race was run, for which there were but two starters. The names of the horses and jockeys were announced on a board, and they rode their horses out to show their colors. The starting point is the most distant from the grand stand, as the track is not circular but shaped like a horseshoe; and people occupying carriages cannot well see more than half of any race. However, we were fortunate in having the most desirable place on the grand stand. As soon as the first race was over the crowd surged in upon the track once more, and again came the incessant clang of the bell to clear the course for the great event on which men had been betting for six months ahead. It was the never-to-be-forgotten turf event known as

THE YANKEE DERBY,

Which has since become a part of the world's racing history. Out of the saddling paddock came fifteen horses, with [illegible] as game as the Cid, their rich coats rivalling the glossy satin jackets of their riders, as they took their preliminary canter, and then, wrapped in sweating clothes, were led round to the starting point. There is a frenzy of excitement along the course as the gallant steeds are stripped again and the starter holds aloft the white flag. The first attempt was a failure, but at the second they were off, all fifteen horses leaping out at full speed. They ran some distance together, and then some of them dropped back behind [illegible] and [illegible]. Then out of the rear division rushed a dark brown colt, with white face, and the cry went up [illegible] "the American wins." But Peregrine is still in front, and the chase seems a long one. Now two are already in front of all the rest, but Peregrine still leads. It was not until they were almost home that

IROQUOIS SHOT AHEAD

Of all the others, closely followed by Peregrine, while Town Moor, whom nobody thought of, got third place. Iroquois won by two lengths without a perceptible effort. The victory of Iroquois did not excite much enthusiasm, but Sam threw up his hat and came very near smashing off mine for the same purpose. A man walked up to him and said: "I'm an American, too." "Then why the d—l don't you holler?" cried Sam. "Oh, this is good enough to eat."

There was a faint cheer (for the hundred or two Americans could not make much noise), while it would have taken but little to make it seem like a groan. On every side you could hear, "Why it was Fred Archer who won the race and not that American horse. How the Americans will shout, won't they? I say it was d—lish mean that Hamerican 'oss won."

Iroquois is a beauty, a dark brown, nearly black, with blaze face and white feet behind. He is the son of

AN ENGLISH HORSE,

And in that fact the Britishers may find some crumbs of consolation for their lost sovereigns. As soon as the Derby was over, we decided not to wait for any more races, but to return to London. But before leaving, I must remark that I was never so excited over a horse race; and as for Sam, he was as white as a sheet. Our drive homeward was delightful, for we took the lanes and by-roads to avoid the crowd and the dust. We reached our hotel at 6 P. M., somewhat dusty and rather tired; but altogether it was a delightful day and one that, by an American woman, at least, could never be forgotten."

The above, for a lady that never wrote a line for a newspaper before in her life, is a very clever bit of descriptive work. It recalls a triumph that is not likely to be soon repeated, unless better horses than Bachem, Crown Point, Massasoit and Blue Grass are sent over to do battle for the American stables.

A Prehistoric Cannibal Indian.

At the meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, which was held last night at No. 12 West Thirty first street, Professor John S. Newberry presided and exhibited some specimens of fossil fishes.

Dr. N. L. Britton described the finding of nine skeletons in an excavation for a cellar at Far Rockaway, last fall, and exhibited a large number of one of the skeleton's bones. These bones, he said, had belonged to an old man. The skeleton was found lying on its side, with the knees drawn up even with the breast, and with the hands clasped in an attitude like that of prayer. On one side of it lay a child, on the other an adult. The skeletons had apparently been thrown into holes without any special method of burial. There were fragments of oysters and clam shells in the earth filling the holes, and in one of them a small piece of rude pottery was found. The bones were found about 225 feet from the shore of Jamaica bay, and a half mile from the Far Rockaway railroad station. A tomahawk and an arrowhead had previously been found there, and there was a well-defined series of shell heaps on the beach near at hand. The skeleton was six feet and eleven inches long, and the skull and bones were of great size.

Professor Newberry said that the skeleton, he believed, had belonged to the pre-historic race of cannibal Indians which inhabited the Atlantic coasts many hundred years ago. These people had lived mainly on oysters, clams and mussels, and so had formed the great shell heaps found along the coast. As the bones of this old gentleman were none of them cracked, the professor thought that he had been among the eaters and not among the eaten.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 8.*

[illegible] newly with subvention, will receive $6000 per kilometre constructed. The forfeiture clause is modified in the interest of the railroad company.

[illegible] Arnica Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

Martin Shelton and Wm. Webster were scuffling at Steilacoom, when Shelton fell, breaking both bones of his right leg above the ankle.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

HAYSVILLE, Ohio, February 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I took only two bottles, and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.
C. S. MERCER, M. D.

"Many a sickly woman, whose sad experience had demonstrated alike the failure of unskilled doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new lease of life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Compound, and has gone on her way rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass.

mouth and made his teeth bleed, and then he gave him a side-winder in both eyes, and pa pulled off the boxing-gloves and grabbed a chair as though there was a panic. I haven't seen pa since.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure [illegible] They used to break out continually." [illegible] Rochester, N. Y. $1, at druggists.

[illegible] about this inducement. Years of use have [illegible] and thousands of cures are [illegible] from indiscretion, incapacity, lack of vigor, [illegible]

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THE JESSAMY BRIDE

[A PORTRAIT OF MRS. GWYN (MISS HORNECK).]

There was Kaufman beside
And the Jessamy bride

And you went once with myrtle crowned
You once were she for whom
Your Goldsmith's gentle genius found
That name of jasmine bloom

How strange it seems You whom he loved
You who were breathing—vital—
Not feigned in books for us have proved
Scarce but a fragrant title

A shape too shadowy far to stand
Beside the girl Primroses—
Beside the dear old Vicar and
Our more than brother Moses

We cannot guess your voice who know
Scamp Tony's view halloo
For us e'en thin Beau Tibbs must show
More palpable than you

Yet some scant news we have You came
When that kind soul had fled
You begged his hair you kept his name
Long on your lips, he said

You lived—and died Or when or how,
Who asks? This age of ours
But marks your grass grown headstone now
By Goldsmith's jasmine flowers

—*Longman's Magazine* AUSTIN DOBSON

OTTER HUNTING.

The Way they Keep up this Exciting Sport in Ould Ireland.

THE BEAST DIES GAME.

The Terriers at Work on the River Bank in Search of the Salmon's Worst Enemy—A Desperate Battle Fought.

American Field, May 12

Spring, beautiful spring whose glad coming all seem to welcome, when nature, shaking off its winter slumber awakens into new life, when the joyous notes of the feathered songsters resound on every side, when the "stinking violets" and pale primroses show their modest little heads in the copses and hedgerows of the "old country" When almost every living thing seems happy under your genial influence know you the despair you bring to our heart? Impossible as this may read there is actually one class of being who dreads the coming of this lovely season, who looks forward to a period [illegible] during the soft spring and bright summer months during which, were it possible for him, he would fall into a slumber and dream those glad seasons away, awakening only with the early frosts of autumn Now this being is the fox hunter, the man whose mind is so wrapped up in the chase of the "little red rascal," as the fox is fondly called by some, that he considers the time a blank and life itself scarcely worth living for when he is unable to indulge in this his only and, it must be confessed, fascinating amusement. With what a look of regret he sees his soiled red coat, snowy leathers and tops laid by, his cherished hunters enjoying a well earned repose, idle until that day which at present seems so far distant to him when again the woods, brown in the hues of autumn shall resound with the glad sound of the horn and the hound, and the covert side ring with the blood tingling cry of "Tally ho! Gone away, gone away!" Now, had our despondent friend but exerted himself and looked around him, he would in nine cases out of ten find that he himself is in part to blame for this enforced inactivity, and that a sport, which though it might not quite equal fox hunting in regard to the danger and dash which endear this sport above all others to its "old country" votaries, yet is exciting and pleasing enough in its many interesting and varying phases to render it popular to the most fastidious Nimrod, at a time, too, when the weather and general surroundings preclude the possibility of indulging in any other form of hunting.

This sport then is otter hunting and who that has once enjoyed it, with its romantic surroundings, but longs to participate in it again? The cool, balmy early morn, when the sun has not as yet risen to dry up the pearly dew from the grass, the deep ravine with its variegated wealth of wood clothing the slopes, which, rising high, flank it on both sides the free and rapid mountain torrent flowing beneath, now thundering and foaming madly over the huge boulders which have borne the same shock for ages, now gliding silently though swiftly along, unceasing ever in its hurry to the ocean, but above all the deep rich cry of the pack, silent maybe for a moment, only the next to open in one wild burst of glorious music. They have followed the game from afar, and now they are rapidly closing on it, rushing madly over all obstacles. The eager hunters hurrying up—none have reason to be despondent here—each one vieing with the other for the lead, and like the hounds regardless of all obstacles. Some spring lightly from rock to rock, others plunging in, wade through or across the stream, immersed in many instances above the shoulder Now a hearty laugh is heard as some luckless individual missing his foothold is tumbled into the foaming torrent. He, however, quickly scrambles out, and shaking himself like a spaniel, hurries on as if nothing had happened. A drop of water more or less is a trifle in the "Old Country," and in otter hunting more than any other must one be prepared to chance a "ducking." Now the hounds come to a momentary check in a rough, rocky part of the stream, which allows the hunters to come up An overhanging bank with a thick cover of willows and briar flanks the right side, and into this the terriers are put The next moment the otter shuffles out; dodging through the now furious pack, he makes for the nearest pool A dark, lithe form glides under the shallow water close to one of the hunters, who quickly stooping down, "tails" him Rising erect immediately, he holds the struggling little fury at arm's length, and mounting a convenient rock, keeps him from the reach of the eager dogs These now surround him with a deafening clamor, which with the cheery notes of the horn make the old woods and dell ring again

The stragglers now come crowding up, and with a loud "whoop whoop" the otter is thrown the dogs A struggling, hairy, splashing mass is all that can be seen But from more than one yell of agony which arises from that mass, it is evident that the sleek little poacher, game to the last has made his keen teeth meet in more than one of his opponents and has died with "no surrender" in his dauntless heart overcome by fatigue and the number of his foes

Is not this, then, a sport worthy of notice, when fox hunting is passed, and will any pity the man who is content to sit in the "blues" with such a sport within reach? True, you may miss the exhilarating gallop when mounted on a favorite "flyer," you sail over the cream of a nice fenced hunting country. But you still have the cheery notes of the horn, rendered perhaps more charming because sounding and resounding through the wooded glens through which so frequently the chase winds You have the soul-inspiring notes of the shaggy-coated hounds, grander richer, and more prolonged than the fleeting note of the foxhound and like the music of the horn sounding to such advantage in those same surroundings You have the enlivening run over the open, the quick, wild scramble over the uncertain foothold of the rocks the cooling influences of an impromptu bath when wading on the often treacherous river bed to cool your reeking brow, the game death of the otter, together with the touch of sadness which the death of any gallant animal overpowered by numbers and human intelligence should bring to the mind You have far more of the company of the fair daughters of Eve than you can hope for or indeed—with fear and trembling I write—desire when in pursuit of the wily fox And last, but by no means least the flask kindly lent by a neighbor, which pours its grateful contents down your parched throat at a rate which causes a look of dismay to cloud his usually beaming countenance, and nearly chokes a novice like your humble servant

It is of this sport I am about to write, and I will endeavor to describe a hunt with the earl of Bandon's famous pack The hounds were to meet at Castleview bridge, on the Arrigadeen—anglice, silver stream—a small, rapid river situate in the south of Ireland, celebrated for its white trout salmon, the favorite food of the otter Its banks also in most instances afford excellent cover, so that it was much frequented by those animals Rising in the peat bogs far out to the west it winds its sinuous course through a fairly well wooded valley, past many a picturesque residence with well kept grounds, on past Umera's wooded heights, Timoleague's old castle and ruined abbey, finally emptying itself into the broad Atlantic at the pretty village of Courtmacsherry, 4 A M was the appointed time and some few minutes before that hour on a lovely morning early in June a small group which was continually receiving accessions might be seen standing at or near the little foot bridge which spans the river at this part At five minutes to four a drag and pair followed by a large covered van drove up The former contained the noble master B[illegible] Dunscombe the hard swearing hard working amateur huntsman together with several guests who were stopping at the castle On the box of the van were seated one of the whips and the driver in attendance on the hounds, six and a half couple and two game [illegible] terriers

After the usual greeting the terriers were coupled and given in charge of a [illegible] and we made ready to throw off a couple of toots on the horn and the eager pack dashed off

Up stream was the wind and up stream accordingly we went It was a pleasant sight to see the released pack Some carefully examined the banks and strands others swam steadily across to the other side while some on being released plunged into the stream playing with one another and splashing the water on all sides in their mad gambols These were the young entry not as yet steadied down A loud rate however, from the huntsman accompanied by a few sounding cracks of the whip, and they were quickly brought to a sense of the situation and at once set to work to exert themselves like their older and more experienced companions During our upward course from the numerous fresh signs or seals which [illegible] the eye we judged we should not be far off the game and even quicker than we thought our expectations were realized Old Gypsy hunting on her own account appeared very busy with a drag on a small strand which bordered the stream Suddenly she opens Rector replies and the body of the pack are soon on the spot They all with one accord acknowledged it and swearing the old lady is right they follow the drag at a smart pace some half a mile or more up the bank Here a patch of briars growing thick and tangled on an overhanging bank conceals from the casual observer a large burrow The keen eye of the huntsman however at once detects it, and whipping off the hounds he mildly (?) orders the crowd who are crowding round the hole to stand back then puts little Weasel the pet terrier of the hunt in Soon a rumbling sound is heard, and the next moment a fine otter bolts Taking the water in his spring he dives and for an instant those on this side the bank can see his long smooth looking form gliding under the water with the ease and rapidity of a fish, and taking an outward and onward course he is soon lost to view But not many moments elapse before we hear a shout from jolly Dick Rye—who, devoted fox hunter though he is, enjoys the chase of the otter as well as any in the season—who, standing on the opposite bank, marks the course of the game from the line of bubbles he leaves in his wake

A few merry notes on the horn, a few confusing yells, and the pack, now unchecked dash madly into the stream A few rapid strokes bring them to where "Dick" is standing, and opening together their melodious notes fill the little valley with music The hunt led up stream, and now was to be seen the pretty sight of a pack in full cry pursuing their game in the water, old Bellman leading, the others swimming after in single or double file At the next shallow the game took to the land and the whole pack steamed up the grassy bank at a killing pace. This could not last, for in the open air an otter cannot live long before the dogs, though in thick cover I have seen one stand before them for hours

The hunt now came to a "boreen" which led to a ford and in the next field we marked him to ground in a drain which ran under the lane We were now on the confines of a well laid out and beautifully wooded demesne which from the next bridge some distance above flanked the river on both sides The terriers were now uncoupled preparatory to putting them in when to our surprise, and I need hardly say disgust, the master of the "Cashelmore, a neighboring pack of foxhounds, begged of the huntsman to desist. The demesne, he said, belonged to a well-known gentleman who, though too heavy to appear in the saddle himself, was a staunch preserver of foxes, and as it was now about cubbing time he would be very irate if we disturbed his coverts, that he enjoyed nothing more than to look at a pack of hounds in full cry streaming over his lawn, and he often strewed little tid bits about for the benefit of the dogs To annoy such a sportsman at heart was not to be thought of so calling off the dogs we departed The order now was for the bridge where we "threw off" and to that place we proceeded

Immediately below Castleview bridge is a long reach which is in a great measure formed by a wier built some distance below to supply a mill with water The right bank of this reach overhangs the deepest part of the stream and being very thickly covered with tangled brush wood, briars and rank grass, in addition to containing not a few large burrows, is on most occasions a sure find It did not belie its reputation this morning for scarcely were the hounds in when they marked The terriers were sent to ground, the holes were not deep and the game evidently bolted quickly, for though on this occasion we failed to view him away from the uproar of the dogs, we knew he had taken to the water This was a game running animal, for after a turn or two in the water he made straight up for the bridge We had, however this time taken the precaution to line the upper shallow with some of our party, who were successful in foiling two desperate attempts of the otter to pass up. Baffled in this, he turned, and diving boldly made his way through the entire pack He now faced for the weir, and by the rapidity of his movements completely distanced the hounds, who were sadly at fault, and he would have got a long start and perhaps escaped had not a marker standing close to the weir and hearing our shouts, fixed his glance on the water above There he soon saw the tell tale bubbles which marked his advance, and the next moment a dark object went over the weir disappearing into the foaming waters below His loud "tally ho" quickly brought down the hounds and the huntsmen, and the hunt began in earnest Rapidly making his way down the succession of shallow and small pools which succeed the Castleview weir pool he did not stop his headlong flight until reaching a large deep pool some two miles lower down In this he dodged about for a time, doubtless to recover his wind, which must have suffered from his smart run But now again he gave the dogs the slip, cutting across the neck of a little peninsula formed by a long curve in the river, he gained the other side unobserved Whether the place he landed at had later on been trampled thus foiling the scent, I know not but strike it we could not so we were forced to hunt the entire river's bend never striking the lost hunt until at the opposite side of the neck, where the artful creature took again to the water His stock of cunning however appeared to be played out by the last move, for though he gained time and distance by the maneuver, he loitered in the next pool, which was a fair sized one with a splendid crop of weeds He showed frequently evidently was not at all distressed and appeared to be playing with the dogs Crossing one little portion of strand in a most leisurely manner, considering the gravity of the situation, he was pounced on by one of the terriers who fastened on to him Without, however deigning to turn on his tiny assailant he shook him off and went under water This insult appeared to rouse him, for he did not again show until a considerable distance below Here, owing to the shallows and absence of deep pools the otter was rather out of his element and, on the hounds being brought up the fun was fast and furious They mittled him about in a way that must have been extremely hurtful to his feelings and would have soon ended his days but that making an effort he ran he left those unfriendly shallows behind and reached the long pool just above Kilmaloda demesne The deep water which joins this pool reaches for a considerable distance, in fact is the boundary of the above mentioned demesne to the next bridge which is several hundred yards below The north bank or Kilmaloda side of the stream is overgrown with lofty and strong hawthorn bushes the *bete noir* of many an angler who has often mourned for more than one gay salmon fly hopelessly left to fade on the overhanging branches The strong roots of those which grow down and spread like a network below in a manner [illegible] the surface of the bank which is however in many places undermined from the wash of the winter floods and is only held together by the strong network of roots Under such a bank the otter therefore had of course little difficulty in finding a capital hiding place

After a long and apparently fruitless search during which we examined as we thought every possible hiding place we were about to give up when with one deep prolonged note old Bellman opened, and the others were soon all around him This sagacious old warrior up to every turn and twist of an otter when half the pack dismayed at their want of success were rolling and licking themselves on the grass had by following the dictates of his wise old head succeeded in marking the game through the agency of a rat hole which ran up into the field from a drain or hole in which the sly creature was snugly and but for Bellman it would safely ensconced. The entrance of this haven of refuge being under water it was impregnable to the dogs from the river side Nothing then remained but to enlarge the rat hole so that the terriers could enter Accordingly two men were dispatched to Kilmaloda house for spades They soon returned and with them several members of the hunt These latter came with the double purpose of seeing the fun and to invite all to lunch in Mr Bennett's hospitable mansion when the hunt was ended an invitation which I need scarcely say was cheerfully accepted Willing hands now handled the spades and in less than no time the hole was large enough Little Weasel was entered and we quickly heard her challenging the varmint far back in the hole It was not long before the huntsman looking down the rat hole and encouraging the terrier saw a struggling mass making for the river exit The next moment the water outside was discolored and tinged with blood All peered anxiously into the stream and soon close to the other side the body of the terrier was seen to rise The huntsman called to her but save a few convulsive movements of the little dog's legs there was no response Regardless of the depth of the water and thinking only of his little favorite the huntsman plunged in and half swimming half wading, reached her, but to find the poor creature in the death agony and before he regained the bank poor little Weasy had breathed her last There was now no time for mourning the game little terrier was beyond human help Her slayer still lived and to avenge her was the business on hand With renewed energy we forced the pursuit We manned both ends of the long deep reach having previously closed the entrance to his former place of refuge The hounds also as if they knew their companion of many a glorious day was dead, seemed more eager than before A new life, which boded bad for the otter seemed installed into all and we were determined to give him no rest Once again indeed he nearly gave us the slip as, making a dash for the bridge passing a muff named Bulger who instead of attending to his post was engaged in his usual amusement of shouting a story to a companion on the bank This hero however starting in alarm on seeing the "little black dog" in such dangerous proximity to his stout legs, lost his foothold and fell prone into the stream Thinking he had fallen on the otter, this mighty Nimrod gave a yell and arose looking very crest-fallen The otter, however gained the bridge and might have given further trouble, as the river bank lower down afforded an immunity of cover, had not our huntsman by a brilliant dash succeeded in "tailing" the game who the next moment was seen struggling at arm's length, baying loudly and with hackles erect. The now furious hounds surrounded their destined victim A few ringing notes on the horn, and he was thrown to them, and the slayer of poor Weasy was soon no more That the terrier had died hard could plainly be seen, for previous to being thrown to the hounds the otter's neck bore the mark of a deep bite where her keen little fangs had met It was a fine dog otter, weighing about twenty-four pounds.

We now adjourned with our friends to lunch and did full justice to the good things provided and afterward examined the body of the dead terrier She had received some dreadful wounds, chiefly on the neck, but game to the last she stuck to her work even when under water, not releasing her grip until the death struggle "True to the core" she was one of a fast diminishing breed, the genuine Irish terrier, and the huntsman, her master, felt her loss severely for apart from his love for her he could ill afford to lose her and her death caused a feeling of depression which clouded an otherwise glorious day Weasy now sleeps under a weeping willow close to her master's picturesque residence overlooking the lovely valley of the river Lee

Toronto Ont

Jews as Financiers

The American

Pre-eminent financial success seems to have been only attained by the Jewish race in those countries where christians are not conspicuous for business qualities and where the Hebrew, prevented from entering the professions has been driven to concentrate his energies on business and finance But in France, England and the United States Jews have not as money makers, attained any extraordinary pre eminence either as creators of great fortunes or as financiers Necker who stands out with prominence as a financier in France was of Irish origin His family abandoned Ireland in the time of Queen Mary to avoid persecution as Protestants and went to Switzerland and similarly the famous financial family of Say abandoned France for the same refuge ultimately returning to France In England in the last century not more than three or four Jews rose to the *haute finance* rank One of these was Sampson Gideon who died in 1752 and was buried with great ceremony—in [illegible] of the reverence paid even then in England, to one of his faith in high position—in the famous burial ground in Mile-End row where Lord Beaconsfield's forbears are interred Mrs Barbauld observed that the carriages of dissenters almost invariably carried, even in the second generation to the parish church, in like manner the Jew in England who gets rich and obtains social recognition and position, seems to have a tendency to become an easy convert to christianity Gideon's son before long found himself a church member, a baronet and ultimately a peer, and dropping his Hebrew sounding patronymic, assumed the more euphonious appellation of Eardly.

Of the names distinguished in England as authorities on financial subjects, scarcely any are Hebrew save that of Ricardo Ricardo quarreled with his father, who wished him to go into business, for which he had no taste and became a christian He has had high repute as a finance writer, but Sir Henry Parnell great uncle of the agitator and Lord Overstone, also very high authorities on such subjects (the latter being, further the most moneyed son of Britain), could not either of them claim any Jew blood Of other Jews who have risen to fame in England, Sir Menasseh Lopez whose son became a christian, and Sir Francis Goldsmid and Sir M Montefiore may be mentioned—all very wealthy yet not in the front rank of wealth Rothschild's connection with England did not begin until he was solidly established in Germany, when he sent his son Nathan to Manchester

In this country, none of the monster fortunes have been acquired by a member of the Hebrew race, save that of Astor But we believe that John Jacob Astor entirely dropped the faith of his forefathers before he took root in this country Many Jews themselves disclaim for their race any extraordinary genius in the money making line, and declare that the idea of its existence has arisen from the fact that the one family of Rothschild has been so world famous for wealth A highly intelligent Hebrew once remarked that Jews are as a rule too afraid of losing to acquire very large fortunes which are generally gained by a happy mixture of prudence and daring

Origin of Postage Stamps

New Haven Palladium

The idea of an adhesive stamp affixed to a letter as indicative of the payment of postage is much older than has been generally supposed It is known that the first suggestion of such an arrangement in modern times came from Rowland Hill, the father of the cheap postal system in England, about the year 1837 or 1840 It was several years however before his suggestion was carried into effect History however tells us that the ancient German cities of Thurn and Taxis had such a system which for some inexplicable reason fell into disuse or failed to become general among nations The modern postage stamp then was first used in England about the year 1842 or 1843 In 1845 [illegible] Mitchell then postmaster of New Haven, taking advantage of the English idea made use of a stamp of his own which he continued to use till 1847 when the government of the United States issued the first American postage stamps They were in two denominations The five-cent was of a light brown color bearing the head of Franklin and the ten cent of a gray color with the effigy of Washington At that time the rate of letter postage was five and ten cents, according to distance In 1851 a series of six denominations was issued The one-cent stamp was blue bearing an elliptical band upon which were the words U S P O Despatch Prepaid one cent Within the band was an eagle with wings outspread The two-cent stamp was also blue bearing the head of Franklin the three cent vermilion with head of Washington, the five cent chocolate with head of Jefferson the ten cent green with head of Washington, and thirteen stars in a semi circle above the twelve cent was black also with head of Washington The twenty four thirty and ninety cent stamps were subsequently added to the series The first of the [illegible] face of Washington the second was orange with the head of Franklin and the last was dark blue also with the head of Washington There was in this series also a square carrier stamp blue in color and bearing the head of Franklin

MONEY KINGS.

Incessant Appeal Made to Them in the Name of Charity.

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME"

Millionaires who Give and Those whose Hearts are Impervious The Few who Lend to the Lord

New York Star

Millionaires while enjoying to the fullest possible extent the luxuries of life also have their annoyances and troubles They become masters of the exchanges, inhabit palaces costly beyond value they build expensive yachts in which to traverse every ocean and stream in journeys round the world they drive trotting horses which throw dust in the eyes of all competitors, they erect dwellings on which millions of dollars are expended, and ride about the country in private cars of oriental splendor and yet they are not happy The tender piteous and heart searching appeals of the impoverished classes reach them sometimes by personal contact but oftener through the medium of the United States mails It is said of Jay Gould that his standing orders are that every letter which bears the mark of genuine suffering shall be submitted to him for personal action and that only those which bear indubitable evidence of having been written by wild lunatics or visionary men with impractical schemes shall be consigned to the waste basket "Mr Gould" said a gentleman very close to him and who had access to his mail "is naturally of very generous impulses The outside world judges him harshly because they see him mainly in heavy transactions, and [illegible] him only as a speculator in enormous value They think because he controls $80 000 000 of railroad telegraph and steamship securities and refuses to part with them except at a profit that he is a gambler on a heavy scale and if necessary must stop his ears to the wail of the suffering With speculators who lie awake nights to devise schemes for his overthrow Mr Gould has no sympathy, and he wastes no charity upon them when they cry for quarter because with the tables turned they give none"

JAY GOULD'S LIBERALITY

"Is Mr Gould's daily mail large?"

"He receives scores of letters a day, on various subjects and from all quarters of the globe About a year ago there appeared a carefully written article on Our Wall Street Nabobs, in which the men worth $1,000 000 and over were mentioned, and since then Mr Gould has received fully a hundred letters Only a few days ago one came from Switzerland in which an impecunious dressmaker wanted him to aid in establishing her in Paris where she might cut into Worth and break his 'corner' in the dress making art An ambitious Stuttgart student recently asked for a small sum to enable him to open a studio and compete with his more fortunate rivals, and a London soldier in the queen's own wanted money to enable him to reach this country and buy a farm"

"What become of these letters?"

"Many of the cases are investigated and if the writers are learned to be worthy of charity they are not left empty handed Mr Gould gives away many thousands of dollars every year for charity's sake not ostentatiously but in a quiet way where it will do the most good Frequently he receives letters from men who have gone down in the many Wall street upheavals If their failures were due to natural causes, and the applicants are worthy, they frequently receive aid from an unexpected quarter, little realizing that Mr Gould is their benefactor If he should send money to every person male and female, who applies by letter or in person, Mr Gould would be kept busy writing checks"

Henry Clews, another ten-millionaire is beset with appeals for money mainly from public institutions Men who lost their fortunes when he had $7,000,000 swept away by a single legislative act have often found Mr Clews a friend full of sympathy, and there are plenty of operators on Wall street to-day the foundations of whose fortunes were laid with the assistance given freely by Mr Clews The wealthy men of Wall street as a rule, are very lavish in their gifts for charitable purposes, very few being miserly.

"Do you have many applications by mail for aid?"

"Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive letters asking for money," he answered at the same time finding a letter bearing the words "Young Men's Christian Association" at the head

"Most begging letters come from women who solicit aid for societies of all kinds and names I received one to-day written in a beautiful hand asking me to help a society managed by the Sisters of Charity

"How do you treat such cases?"

"If the letters bear evidence of genuineness, I send a trustworthy person to make an investigation and if his report is favorable, I give what I think is proper under the circumstances"

ASSISTING BROKEN DOWN BROKERS

"Do you not receive appeals from broken down brokers?"

"Very frequently men who have been conspicuous in Wall street speculations, but who are now penniless appeal for assistance and few of them are turned away empty handed. This is the common experience of Wall street men of means Only a few days ago a subscription list was circulated in the stock exchange for the benefit of a man now in the gutter, but who once possessed influence in Wall street. No questions were asked and most of the men spoken to gave $5 or $10 each, and enough money was raised in fifteen minutes to put the poor fellow on his feet. Wall street has sins enough to answer for, and is certainly entitled to credit for the noble deeds of charity it is constantly engaged in"

Russell Sage is not credited with "throwing money away" as he terms it, and brokers generally observe "A man with $10,000 000 who will wait in his office over half an hour to catch the five cent trains on the elevated road, must be too poor to give money away for sweet charity James R Keene his friends say receives scores of begging letters every day, and Cyrus W Field is the recipient of more than any other man in Wall street circles He gives away $50 a day for charitable purposes his intimates assert and generally answers correspondents who solicit alms if he thinks it is charity worthily bestowed He told the writer during a recent conversation that while sometimes money sent to unknown correspondents who seek aid may be misplaced charity, it was a consolation to know that some of them at least were taught the valuable lesson that the world is not as dark as it is painted and men of wealth are not always insensible to the necessities of their less fortunate fellow citizens

How a Monkey Blushes

Mr Darwin remarks the fact noticed by Mr Sutton, that the face of the *Macacus rhesus*, when much enraged grows red. Mr Darwin himself saw the face of this monkey redden when attacked by another monkey and he also adds that the "seat pads also seem to redden under the influence of anger" although he could not positively assert that this was the case "My monkey Jenny when in a rage blushed most distinctly A red hue spread over and obscured the normal yellow tint of the skin of the face and I noticed that the seat pads occasionally also grew redder Another curious fact concerning this monkey's behavior when enraged consists in the variations she exhibited when she was irritated by me [illegible] person If irritated by another person she behaved as already described, she shook the cage and chattered while her face flushed like that of a human being in anger If on the other hand I had occasion to reprove her she darted down to the bottom of the cage lay down on her belly and, as often as not concealed her face in the straw The analogy between that inefficient or suppressed rage in a human being which is shown by the person throwing himself down on the ground—a feature seen familiarly in some children and the behavior of Jenny under my reproof appears to me to be exact to escape notice Paddy the capuchin on the contrary, when enraged or frightened used to retire to a corner of the cage and stand on his head uttering, meanwhile the most plaintive cries in the well known shrill but musical voice of his race On one occasion when a servant had allowed Paddy to imbibe nearly half a glassful of champagne he showed his alcoholic dissipation by standing mainly on his head and vainly endeavoring to emit his familiar cries Mr Darwin mentions the case of a young female chimpanzee who when enraged presented a curious example to a child in the same state She screamed loudly with widely open mouth the lips being retracted so that the teeth were fully exposed She threw her arms wildly about sometimes clasping them over her head She rolled on the ground sometimes on her back sometimes on her belly and bit everything within reach —*The Gentleman's Magazine*

A RUSSIAN'S REVENGE

How a Young Man Settled with his Father's Traducer

St Petersburg April 4 Descriptions of dynamite plots coupled with the everlasting nihilist and other secret societies who advocate these deadly and barbarous methods of ridding the countries of their lawful rulers have been so prevalent of late in the columns of the press all over the world that a slight diversion from such horrors cannot fail to be appreciated particularly as that diversion comes from the acknowledged hotbed of [illegible] As a surprising item of news it may be stated that for a few days the people of this city have laid aside all the new stories of nihilistic outrages for the more interesting event of a duel that has taken place between two officers of the imperial guard, under most romantic circumstances

Three years ago Prince Scherwaschidze enjoyed the full confidence of the emperor of Russia and, like all favorites he accepted his many honors conferred upon him, notably a captaincy in the regiment of the Hussards Guard a most enviable grade considering that every private of that distinguished corps is equalled and ranked above any subaltern officer in other regiments Like most uncultured Russians this prince combined the ferocity of the Cossack with an unnatural degree of malice and envy Fault was constantly found with him by the commanding officer of the guard and this wrong-doing became so flagrant that M de Reutern the colonel in high dudgeon complained to the czar, demanding the instant dismissal of the prince threatening to send in his own resignation if his demand were not complied with Without taking into consideration that this brave man had twice saved his life from the hands of an assassin the emperor seems to have preferred to keep in his service a rash and coward M de Reutern was duly put on the retired list and his triumphant subaltern reaped the reward as he was at once promoted to the vacancy Once colonel of the regiment, his excesses knew no bounds and his name became a terror to the many supplicants that sought audiences of the autocrat of Russia It might have been thought that gratitude to the emperor for his high office would insure his devoted attendance to all matters relating to his benefactor's safety but such was not the case, as he was constantly to be found in the society of wealthy but profligate noblemen.

When the memorable explosion took place in the palace, which killed and wounded forty men belonging to his regiment, he could be found nowhere although it was expressly stated that the colonel should always be in attendance upon the czar when taking his meals This flagrant breach of military etiquette was overlooked by his over-indulgent master and, after a very short time his influence was equally great over the emperor, who lived to regret his strange and unaccountable pardon of such a serious offense

The event is still fresh upon the minds of the oft-trodden upon peasantry, although the crime was committed eighteen months ago. It is well known that the late czar was greatly opposed to the more than fast living of his son and heir, putting every means at his disposal to prevent those debauches which gained the heir apparent a somewhat unenviable notoriety in Europe Prince Scherwaschidze, instead of seconding his proprietor in this laudable object not only frustrated these plans of prevention but actually led the future Emperor into deeper excesses, and on the occasion when the crime was committed they were enjoying a revel in the noted "Cascade" restaurant surrounded by several officers of the regiment of the imperial guard and the less reputable "Tzigarnes" While the company were shouting and drinking together, acting in a manner that scarcely became gentlemen, an unfortunate Russian by accident opened the door and surprised the party of revelers.

Dumfounded at the extraordinary scene that met his eyes, the poor man stood aghast without offering to budge. Flushed with wine and angry at such an objectionable intrusion, Prince Scherwaschidze made his way to the unconscious victim and demanded the reason of his untimely appearance. Confused at the anger exhibited by the excited prince, the poor man uttered some words of apology but in such a low tone of voice that Scherwaschidze imagined him to be a spy in the service of the emperor Before the horror stricken companions could interpose, the prince drew his cavalry sabre and struck the man to the ground, cleaving his skull down to the neck Half sobered by the sight of death, his companions made their way out of the place without a word of comment upon the atrocious murder that had been committed under their eyes

He was arrested and conveyed to his palace, where two men kept watch over him until the next morning, when he appeared before the high court of justice, which alone has the power of sitting in judgement upon a prince. In late years a few hundred roubles might have been accepted as compensation for this murder of a common serf, but civilization had made inroads upon this barbarous custom, and the prince was sentenced to serve eighteen months in a state fortress Eighteen months for the murder of a fellow being in cold blood; what a sentence! Even this was considered too much, and within three months of this outrage the prince was not only released by the emperor, but reinstated in his former high position Can it be wondered that with such protectors the czar at last fell a victim to the plot against his life?

The astute prince had well calculated upon his chances, and at the death of the emperor, the old boon companion now his master confirmed the appointment of colonel of the imperial guard

With all his plots and vengeance the prince did not for one moment imagine that there existed a man who had sworn to avenge his father's disgrace. The man alluded to, M. de Reutern, the son of the old colonel of the imperial guards, whom he had supplanted Young de Reutern at the time of his father's unjust dismissal was only a student in the military college in this city, but in time he graduated successfully and became attached to the staff of Colonel Preobragenski of the Imperial Preobragensial Guards In deference to the wishes of his father, who died a year ago, the young man promised never to challenge a quarrel with the cause of his parent's disgrace but this promise cost him dearly, as he was almost constantly forced into the presence of the prince as a subaltern and aid in the Imperial Guard

The matter reached a climax a few days ago, however, when the prince in all the arrogance of high office uttered some words in the presence of DeReutern derogatory to his father's memory To give the prince the lie was the work of a moment, and in forcible terms the young man begged the insulter and traducer of his father to waive all rank and prove his words with the pistol, hinting that the sword was unsatisfactory, seeing that the prince had used it so successfully in a former fight, alluding to the murder of the poor Russian The last sentence raised the fury of the prince, and, without further ceremony, he strode from the palace demanding the immediate reparation of this insult The eager young man was only too well pleased, and once on the ground he divested himself of coat and hat and confronted his adversary Whether the recourse to arms in former times equalized chances or favored the innocent is a matter of doubt but in this case right gained the day and the prince fell with a bullet in his shoulder He was at once conveyed to his palace and a skillful surgeon managed to extract the ball The wound is not necessarily fatal

The Part He Left Out.

Hartford Courant

The cable yesterday brought us a piece of good news from London There was a dinner given there at the old Ship hotel in Greenwich The dinner was given to Dr Norvin Green the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company Dr Green in his speech made a statement which will diffuse general joy He said "I have seen in New York a clerk dispatch a commercial message from the produce exchange to Chicago and receive an answer while waiting at the counter [Applause]

We do not wonder that this statement was applauded If a man had risen at the dinner and said that he had sent a dispatch from New York to Hartford at 11 o'clock in the morning and had himself reached Hartford by the train before his dispatch was delivered he would have told the truth but he would not have been applauded

A Dude's Diamond and Bone Button

From the Daily New York

I was standing in front of the Hotel Brunswick this morning conversing with several members of the Coaching club when the gentle zephyrs blew a dude from around the corner As he turned his back on us I took a [illegible] with astonishment [illegible] a large diamond [illegible] I investigated the subject and found that the collar was really held with a [illegible] bone button and the diamond was placed above the real fastener for effect What next?

ANIMATED NATURE.

A Column Devoted to the Oddities of Our Dumb Animals.

FREAKS OF FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Some of the Animals' Fads, and the Birds and [illegible] were "there" in Propria Persona—Their Mute Intelligence.

Letting a horse stay unblanketed is a fine [illegible]

Two [illegible] heads make a butt, but it takes two goats to do it

Some of the angling experts get their fine strings of trout by using a silver hook and a small bo[illegible]

A Texas farmer has made a complaint against one of his neighbors for sewing up the eyes of his cow

A living tortoise is on exhibition at Natchez which has not eaten anything to speak of for thirteen months

A Harlem girl calls her pug dog after her last lover The dog hardly answers to his name, she changes it so often

Inasmuch as an elephant has no children until she is thirty and never more than six, it is marvellous where all the ivory, now so scarce has come from

An Owen county (Ky) hen sat on fifteen eggs and brought out nineteen chickens, says an exchange The hen must be a shrewd one, or else there's a newly hatched lie out.

A cynical contemporary remarks that the American horse in the English races, and the American hog in the German markets seem to be making but poor headway this season —*Boston Advertiser*

The French sardine fishery now employs about 25 000 men and 4000 boats, and there are 200 factories in which 15 000 to 17,000 women work A good day's catch for a boat is 25,000 fish, worth 85 francs

After the recent blizzard at Laramie fourteen head of cows were dug out of a snow drift on Colonel W D Dean's dairy ranch. Nothing but the horns of only one cow was visible at first. They were all alive

A man who was arrested for cruelty to a miserable looking horse, was asked if he ever fed him "Ever fed him? That's a good 'un," was the reply "He's got a bushel and a half of oats to home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em"

A Pennsylvania man proposed to kill the baby in order to reduce the expenses of the family, but the wife finally persuaded him to reduce the dog's rations instead, and in a few weeks the family was rich enough to buy another dog

James Davies, while riding down a Walla Walla, W T, street, leading a stallion, was bitten on the leg by the vicious horse, thrown to the ground, and received a severe gash on his head, as well as being bitten several times, while on the ground.

A French investigator finds that, in proportion to its size, a bee can pull thirty times as much weight as a horse. The unfortunate individual who accidentally upset a beehive is firmly convinced that the French investigator is eminently correct in his assertion.

In Surprise valley, Modoc county, a marine monster that walks off with full grown Angora goats, and which "cuts the placid bosom of Upper lake" as swift as an arrow, has created some consternation, says the Lakeview *Examiner*, in that usually quiet neighborhood.

A miller down in Georgia put some rat poison out which was eaten by his favorite cat. After lingering on the brink for two days the feline died and was thrown into the creek Just nine days afterward the cat crawled up to the house from the creek swamp, got well, and is now as sound and active as it ever was.

In an address before the Kentucky Medical society at its recent session, the practice of veterinary surgery was commended to young men The speaker estimated that the yearly loss arising from the want of sound advice and treatment—the horses of the country being valued at nearly $800,000,000—amounts to $15,000,000.

At the anglers' tournament in New York recently, it was shown that Mr. Pritchard could cast a fly further than any young man in America! If Mr. Pritchard will agree to cast a fly—he flies into the middle of the Atlantic he can hear of something to his advantage by calling around at the beginning of dog days next summer —*Bos Transcript*.

At Virginia City, Nev, they have a parrot which talks Piute. The bird picked up the language from the Piute squaws who never tire of jabbering to "Polly." Wild Indians who go to town are thunderstruck at hearing a bird sing out at them in their native tongue. Some of them are inclined to look upon the big green fowl as being the devil in disguise.

Copenhagen, the duke of Wellington's famous charger, was like his master, never wounded In contrast to this was the hard luck of Sir Ralph Abercromby's favorite horse, which received seven bullets and two sabre cuts the day Sir Ralph was killed. Yet the horse lived twenty years after the battle of Alexandria There is a monument to the animal at Malta.

Here is a Texas society note. "The beautiful and accomplished Miss Flyhigh was so unfortunate at the ball last evening as to be bitten on her plump, snowy shoulder by a vicious mosquito. The young lady immediately fainted, but was resuscitated and is now doing well The mosquito was captured by four of the young gentlemen present, taken outside and decapitated with a meat axe."

A Washington lady, whose former home was, however, in Ohio, set the fashion for that city in regard to the death of pet dogs. The [illegible] was of broadcloth, the necktie was white, the coffin was of rosewood and the trimmings were silver-plated. The pet was buried near his western home, and the lady put on deep mourning Although he was from Ohio, he never sought or held office.—*Herald P. I.*

Mr Bovard, of Long valley, Nev., going out the other morning to drive up his cows, found eleven head of deer feeding with them. The deer appeared very tame, he going within a few yards of them As he neared them they would gently move forward. On retiring a short distance and raising and lowering his hat on a stick, the deer, out of curiosity, would come within a few feet of him. They were all hornless and in fine condition and, altogether, were a pretty sight

Last Sunday while D H Lambert with his boys were looking for some cows in the woods their dogs treed a bear. One of the boys went a long distance to M. Mulcahy's cabin, and borrowed his gun with which he fired a load of buckshot into bruin's head The bear fell badly wounded and started for the dogs but the boys and Mike took a hand in the fight with stout clubs, and soon finished the bear It was a fair sized animal, of 250 pounds weight —*Vancouver Independent*

The other day a chicken hawk was circling proudly around over a yard in Delaware. Finally it spotted a chicken and circled and circled until he felt sure of his prey Meanwhile the chicken looked calmly on and made not the slightest effort to get away Nearer and nearer came the hawk, until it felt perfectly satisfied and then it swept down as swift as any well bred thunderbolt Making a deathly grab at the chicken, the hawk broke its bill off and in another instant that hawk was catch up feathers and all The moral of this fable should teach all such birds that it is folly to think they have a sure thing every time, and that the hen that seems the easiest prey is often a spring chicken escaped from a boarding-house

C E Kregelo the undertaker has a telephone at his house which is much used for business purposes Mr Kregelo has a parrot, which, being an unusually smart bird and good talker has picked up the telephone language. Whenever there is a call the parrot immediately begins at the top of his voice "Hello, hello! Yes, this is Kregelo's, what did you want? This is Kregelo's hello, hello hello!" The other day some lady friend of Mrs. Kregelo's called her up on a personal matter As soon as the bell rang the parrot commenced as usual "Yes, this is Kregelo's; hello hello," etc Mrs Kregelo could hardly hear the other lady for the parrot's noise. Finally the lady said to Mrs Kregelo "Please talk one at a time, I can't understand you" Mrs Kregelo answered that there was only one of her, that the other was the bird talking. And all the time she was trying to explain the parrot kept screaming "This is Kregelo's! this is Kregelo's! what do you want? Hello hello!" Mrs Kregelo could hardly get in a word edgeways and the bird was evidently elated at leading in the conversation *Indianapolis Times*

President Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad has had a useful book printed for distribution among the employes of the road The volume contains a series of lectures delivered to the men at Baltimore by Professor H Newell Martin and Doctors Sewall Sedgewick and Brooks, and upon subjects likely to be of practical service to railroad employes

been spotted is attributed to the cake. Now if Dr Price's Special Flavoring Extracts are used, cakes will not be blamed, since Alkalis will not be applied, as they always impart their delicate fresh fruit flavor to whatever they may be used.

per fine ounce, $1 02½
Sterling exchange, [illegible]
Good commercial from 1 to 1½ [illegible]

John Kenworthy to J B Cross, L 7, B 227, E P., May 19—$1
Huebner & Leahy to A E and T F Kane, L 5, 6, 10, 11, B 7, Car Shops Add—$1.

In the center of this [illegible] CAPSULE. [illegible]

perfect ease and safety, by the patient. [illegible] statement of method of home treatment and cost will be [illegible]
REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.
[illegible] Portland, Oregon.

...egonian.

...MAY 2?, 188?

...E BASEBALL PLAYERS!

...Futile Effort to Organize an ... ...ental Team

...Progress of Civilization ... ...aim that baseball ... ...genous to American soil and ... elsewhere Some four weeks ... the bright-eyed former pitcher ... f Philadelphia conceived the ... a Chinese baseball nine to ... lored nine named The ... he now manages The ... novel one but its failure was ... *Mail and Express* which ... e of the Celestials to ... dangers involved in the ... arne of the Baltimore club ... and It is no use to talk ... an can't keep those Chinese ... away in the middle of a ... might as well give up the ... Manager F C Bancroft ... Cleveland club telegraphed ... th Lang We will beat ... oc run Capt. John Peters ... I don't care to run down ... if they come by Pittsburg ... em a warm reception ... politans How I would ... at Chinaman's head!" ... ces of the Brightons ... living lost in the Polo Grounds ... essional gentlemen ... Philadelphia *Press* prints ... sing story of the effort made ... establish a Chinese baseball ... tiel ball tossers composing ... rated Chinese baseball club, ... for higher wages which ... ten pigtailed shirt washers ... that avocation for which they ... en most especially designed ... The club was the only ... n the world and ... ase the lovers of genuine ... have lost a perpetual ...

Two weeks ago John ... Lee Yaw and Sam Wong ... pply him ten native players ... over the country ... ball sports Sam Wing ... inamen and Lang ... ter one sunny afternoon ... initiate them into the mysteries ... It was evident they needed ... ang stood them around ... was the captain, Wah Lee ... plate Wah Lee acted as ... short stop Ki Chong ... ing Sec as second baseman ... lanted at third base, ... field Hop Lee in the ... In the left field. The ... a bat to Lee Yaw, and ... at the balls gracefully ... suspiciously and handed ... iat iron The first ball hit ... whereat he opened his ... led loud enough to be ... Point, and dropped the ball ... im to pick it up. The ... near the big end, ... ement, and bounded ... Lang shouted to him to ... K Chag evidently ... was going to murder him ... he nearest fence as fast as ... ld carry him, mounting ... in the distance, heading ... e meantime the other nine ... ing all about the instructions ... ns and each and all rushed ... were a dead rat and ...

...day Lang gathered the ... ook them over to Gloucester ... ey were given explicit ... do and how to do it ... manager went to the ... a ball at him with all his ... the miserable Chinaman ... y the ball had hit him ... ooked his dinner ... en, to show them ... ile, Lang shouldered ... d a fly away ... Seven of the Chinamen ... and bore it in a ... m they had resumed their ... a foul The ball ... ic orbit and struck ... the mouth, shutting ... d one eye like a ... Vah Lee to put on a ... saying 'makes the ... likee doggy On the ... caught at a high ball and ... Lee stumbled over a ... eches, and Ah Sin, the ... adjoining melon patch ... ll, was bitten by a Jersey ... more practice that day ... ten Chinamen went ... manded higher wages ... Two days elapsed ... could be gotten ... they appeared in ... honored with the ... a curved ball, ... the ball was coming ... did Wah Lee, the ... ver, saw it when it ... ng out to strike it, ... of the head, inflicting ... stood by and laughed ... y and swore at him ... his depressed the ... scended in aristocratic ... the Chinamen ... ter would hit the ball ... the catcher, the pitcher ... d two other basemen ... d try to stop him. ... in their shirt sleeves, ... running around in ... streaming in the ... twice more. Upon ... ng batted the ... avily at a ball and ... r. Wah Lung had ... and attempted to ... was very hard It slipped ... long, slim fingers like a ... with a ringing 'sock' ... doubling him up ... he recovered ... Hong Kong out in ... he rest of the game was ... Yang, the manager, ... game, was knocked ... also stood him on his head ... tching at a 'high' ... and Ah Sin, who ... ms ball, had his nose broken ... eventful one The ... arranged themselves ... at He struck hard ... ng and bouncing and ... The first man to ... ng the pitcher He ... ankle Ki Yung, the short ... it and plowed up the ... Hong Kong, the center ... it, but it skipped ... ght Hop Lee, the right ... eve The game thus ended ... ah Lee carried Hop Lee ... and the other eight ... aturday morning the ... dy showed their bruises ... d mangled members, and ... eek and expenses. The ... the game they were to have ... ladelphia club on Tuesday ... either will any of the others ... brethren are not able ... way, and Wah Lung and Hop ... the hospital

...ing Through the Spoon ... ything more ridiculous in ... attempt to put a spoon ... be has got the knack of ... elf in the eye with it, ... drunken man would ... smear it down his face ... open and turned up like ... it misses the place on ... es it with both chubby ... uided surprise as though ... are of its presence, ... the spoon against ... s the cheek with the ... any raspberry jam on that ... ht look worse than a ... of New York Finally ... after all more by accident ... oon reaches the right ... d to the distortion of his ... n he looks at me ... seems to dawn upon him; ... t of his mouth ... d smiles back at me, ... itself into a well ...

...est manifested in England ... boks, though already great, ... ssing In looking over the ... nglish publications we ... book of importance ... promptly been reissued ... prints of Frank Stockton's ... vels of Henry James and ... already gone into third ... latest American novels which ... nored is Charles W Clay's ... ar It has been issued in a ... Messrs Sampson Low & Co.

...ing ... hol ... billboard, ... which was ... ately, ... appeared— ... beer keg ... beer ... with glee ... his entrance ... way he ... thitherward ... bill-board ... that ... and ate

...LLIANTS.

...Month's English

...REVIEWS.

...and Macmillan ... for

...making ... large build ... note of reason ... space All large ... notes, and in some ... abbey, for in- ... and intoning ... than on one ... The use of an ... as may be ... less liable to ... develop the affection ... man's throat," and ... effort, more easy ... the constituents ... the passes ... faults in ... the one in over ... mechanism of ... adding to the ... listener The ... considered in the ... needed a few ... ception of ideas ... in different ... "hard ... the unedu ... paradoxically said ... But they ... to a ... cultivated. ... called termed, ... the expie- ... the mind ... Mr. Hullah had ... refrains or ... they dilute ... words and ... the music. ... in this coun- ... experi- ... was one ... for its ... phrases ... with perfect ... in the ... of recita- ... h. ... quite ... noted ... with ... Gladia- ... a young ... the hero, a ... formed ... vocal quartet ... At ... produced a ... which ... the views of ... that ... conventional, ... and emotion, ... as well ... melo-

... pretty well ... into a ... ideal, have ... needs to ... your ques- ... "A sofa? ... had been so ... This little ... thrifty ... extravagant." ... what she ... at ... 45 away ... It is a ... for the last ... if asked ... without mat- ... a spare ... and also ... still £2 10s. ... my own ... of trade ... of down ... was better. ... of them, ... per yard, it ... might not ... of woolen ... sold them to ... think more ... a full hour ... on his hands. ... only £1 to pay, ... Kirkpatrick's sov ... not to be ap- ... individual ... a manner by ... *Letters and Me- ...—J A Froude*

...ROLAND

... than an infant ... 's side and pat ... a little *pagnou* ... to the table ... papers, where ... the passages ... that were lent ... He began outside ... Never was ... child's life She ... age for various ... everything from ... came amiss to ... Father ... her moth ... several airs ... I been able ... she says, "I ... and made some- ... who was an en ... of the burin, and ... priest, the petit ... proposed to ... delighted, it was a ... a new subject of ... possessed me to ... disinterred a ... to work to study it ... amused me, and ... how all these little ... after I astonished ... I made upon a ... contrary to the rules ... on this point. ... A treatise on ... hands, which I at ... for I never read ... to retain the in- ... but it bored me and I ... chapter"—*Black*

...REALL.

... of a remnant of old ... in the corner of a large ... of stables—stables ... occasional clamps of ... fragrant odor which pro ... below the level of the ... far side of the stage ... whatever From ... the outer walls are a ... ranged longitudinally ... as in an ordinary gal ... corner on the right hand ... a counter devoted to ... apples and ginger beer ... the curtain are prim

tive and simple, there are four literally well painted scenes slung upon rollers comprising an exterior an interior a wood an a street [illegible] ... represent a landscape ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... but there are ... peril ... nightly, each of which lasts ... The reader is supposed to be present at the first of these say at 7 o'clock By this time the audience has increased in number to at least 30 and the orchestra ... ing, ... Step it off ... Pull up ...

Now then look alive ... Before the curtain rises however it may be as well to mention a little peculiarity attaching to the drama enacted here To-night we are to have The Highland Cateran ... perhaps The Outlaw and the ... falling ... The Free booter Thus will variation ... harping ... the same ... string, we at last arrive at ... R ... so that in reality the chat ... every evening, is a delusion and a snare *Chambers's Journal*

THE FIRE FOUNTAINS

One remarkable feature of Kilauea is that it manages to be self contained The liquid waves surge up to the edges of the inner crater and sometimes they drop several feet in a few minutes But there is always ample room and verge enough" for the ebb and flow of the incandescent mass The real danger to Hilo and its residents comes from the cone or dome of Mauna Loa All the same Kilauea has its dangers Sulphurous gases may rise at any moment from the fissures It is dangerous to look down a blow hole on a vein of flowing lava as white flames may suddenly be shot up through the aperture from some sharp convulsion or inward throe A thin crust of lava over which adventurous travelers and guides pass rapidly to gain some coign of vantage or observation might give way like ice beneath the tread of the skater, and altogether what with cracks and jets of flame mephitic exhalations and explosions in unexpected spots, it is wonderful that comparatively few accidents have been recorded. The varieties of the lava when cooled almost equal those of the fiery sea As the mass settles down it splits into huge crevices like those of a glacier were it not for their enormous length These cracks are rapidly covered with ferns and under-wood, and horses and cattle may be engulfed and lost in them These gaps and clefts are of all sizes, from small pits 100 feet in depth to "one vast fissure 13 miles in length," which suddenly opened in 1868. Between these rifts the lava assumes the form of black hard hummocks, or of long stretches of creamy rock smooth as satin, or of angular masses of basalt Here it seems as if the countless dimpling of the red river had been suddenly checked and turned to stone There the edges of a stream are yellow or rose colored with sulphur crystals like frost-work in winter A real lava cascade was ... to be still in the act of falling, and there is no end to the diversity of specimens of ... gray lava, of loose scoria, of cellular, shining and brittle lava and of rugged ridges and coarse grained, dark basalt The natives divide these streams into two main kinds. The ... is a horrid confusion of broken masses rolling over with a grinding noise The *pae hoe-hoe* was half cooled and glided smoothly on "with wrinkles like rich cream." At a place called the Sulphur Banks, the wearied sight-seer can enjoy the luxury of a steam bath shut up in a wooden box built over a crack through which the natural steam issues and is easily regulated. In this warm atmosphere vegetation springs up by magic as soon as the mass settles down —*The Saturday Review*

VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo journeys far wider afield for his matter and lays a far larger surface under contribution than before our antiquarian century would have been thought possible This indeed makes, in one aspect, both the strong and the weak side of his writing By stopping, under a master's guidance, to limitations of time and space, the idea makes itself only more completely conqueror of the world and our imagination "Poetry is metaphor and none better than Victor Hugo has known the trick of the magician's wand, which makes the rod bud and gives form to things unknown But, though it can hardly be doubted that especially for representation, the play gains incalculably by a "local coloring," which brings all Spain or Italy before our eyes, still bright colors may be so displayed as to distract the eye, and both by precept and example, there is sometimes a disposition—as in the convention chapter of "Quatre vingt-treize" and the preface to "Angelo"—to make historical accuracy—and the accuracy is often inaccurate—go bail for the goodness of the art More important is the second variation between the ancient and modern—the different manner in which each calls fate to do his work From the older writer fate is either, as in "Medea" altogether banished, that the scene may be left free for the struggle of some human heart or the development of some natural situation, or as in the "Bacchæ" fate is altogether there permeating every part, shaping every scene that the ways of God may be justified condemned possibly to men With springs of the latter kind the plays of Hugo meddle not at all, Here are no 'questionings of destiny," all are concerned not in deed with men, but man, yet in all, or nearly all, fate, if not among the persons of the drama is at least part of the scenic back ground neither justified nor condemned, but appearing threatening, inexorable Nor is the goddess invoked merely for effect's sake as a stage ghost to frighten or a stage axe to cut an inconvenient knot The word *anagke* seen carved upon the wall of Notre Dam, and ready one day or another to inspire the three great romances of his later years had already seized a firm perhaps unrecognized hold upon the poet's mind Twice there is a curious, almost unaccountable, halt in the action of a drama as though fate herself had arrested the writer's hand that if only by the pause and blank her power might be divided In the second act of "Hernani" in the last act of "Marion Delorme" escape is provided for the hunted hero and only hindered by the best fancy of a man reserved by fate for other things In both cases perhaps, certainly in Hernani," the dramatic situation is weakened by the intervention but in both cases the lapse as illustrating the mental history of the writer has an interest and importance of its own The introduction of fate in the dramas as in the romance of 1830 points forward to the time when Hugo would no longer be carried about by every wind of doubt and beauty but in the rocks of exile would find a firm rest from which to move and dominate the world Behind the moonstruck dreamer of "Voices from Within and Lights and Shadows" we divine the prophet, nothing if not determined who wrote the Chastisements the Year of Terror and the Toilers of the Sea"—*The British Quarterly Review*

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

There can be no doubt that the congress of Vienna constituted the most brilliant epoch in Talleyrand's career and if Napoleon's return from Elba had not deprived France of her title to maintain her frontiers of 1792 under the treaty of Paris of 1814 Talleyrand's name would have been enrolled in the Livre d'Or of her diplomacy among the most successful of her servants He had persuaded the Emperor Alexander in 1814 to accept the Bourbons as the only alternative for Bonaparte Sire were his words Bonaparte ou Louis XVIII Chacun represente un principe; tout le reste n'est qu'un intrigue Talleyrand had also succeeded in obtaining for Louis XVIII the credit of a great act of personal heroism The story is somewhat amusing and is told in the Memoirs of the Comte Beugnot Talleyrand sent the count to Marshal Blucher to represent, in the most energetic terms the king's displeasure at Blucher's threat to blow up the bridge of Jena Shall I say inquired Comte Beugnot that the king is ready to place himself upon the bridge if the Marshal should persist in blowing it up? Not [illegible] ... replied Talleyrand the Marshal will hardly believe the king to be capable of such an act of heroism but say something strong After a stormy interview Blucher ... [illegible] ... name of the bridge being changed ... [illegible]

C onte B ... [illegible] ... told him that ... so well ... [illegible] ... journals ... [illegible] ... hot ... gravity ... [illegible] ... at Verona ... *Lapsed*

[illegible]

The ... [illegible] ... fallen when a ... the first gate which followed ... brought into prominent ... [illegible] ... the necessity that some definite result should ... It appeared from the examination of engineers of the highest repute that they had no exact knowledge as to whether the extreme probable force of wind should be taken as 10 pounds on a square foot or 20 or 40 It was admitted that pressures of 40 pounds had been registered but these were considered so exceptional and restricted that it had been deemed unnecessary to make a full provision for them But on October 14 1881 a pressure of 53 pounds was registered at Greenwich almost at the very moment when these magnificent trees in the immediate neighborhood were prostrated that particular gust of intense pressure was by no means restricted to an area of a few yards Nor is this pressure of 53 pounds the highest that has been recorded During a gale at Liverpool in March, 1871 the pencil anemometer was driven far beyond the scale and was estimated to have marked a pressure of 90 pounds. It is impossible to say whether these are actual pressures or not Prof Stokes, who speaks with very high authority considers that the register of a pressure plate is 80 per cent too high a correction which would reduce these pressures to 30 and to 50 pounds on the square foot but many observers and men of great practical experience (among others Mr Ogden and Mr Samson) believe that the registered pressure is by a balance of errors not very far from the truth —*Longman's Magazine*

DEAD-LETTER DEPARTMENT.

Some Valuable Information for Patrons of the United States Mails.

Correspondent of the Boston Traveler

The postoffice department has issued a ... little pamphlet of eight pages, entitled "Suggestions to the Public Concerning the Addressing of Letters and Parcels to be sent by Mail." The pamphlet says, among other things Direct mail matter to a postoffice and if to a city add the street and number of postoffice box of the person addressed If you are not certain that the place to which you wish to send is a postoffice, inquire of the postmaster Matter not addressed to a postoffice cannot be forwarded Write or print your name and address and the contents if a package, upon the upper left hand corner of all mail matter This will insure its immediate return to you if improperly addressed or insufficiently paid, and if it is not called for at destination, it can be returned to you without going to the dead letter office If the patrons of the mails avail themselves of this privilege it would enable the department to restore to the sender at least 90 per cent. of all the undelivered matter Letters would be returned free, and parcels upon payment of the return postage Register all valuable letters and packages Register fee 10 cents which with the postage, must be fully prepaid The name and address of the sender must be given on the outside of the envelope or wrapper

LETTERS AND POSTAL CARDS

Will be sent to Canada for the same rates and upon the same conditions of prepayment of postage as for domestic letters and postal cards On all other matter the same rates and conditions of transmission are maintained as for matter for delivery within the United States except that merchandise is rigidly excluded Samples of merchandise are mailable but they must not exceed eight ounces in weight and are subject to a postage of ten cents each. They must also be strictly specimens of goods for sale The limit of dimensions and weight for parcels addressed to foreign countries is not uniform For example to Belgium France Great Britain and Switzerland, the maximum weight for samples of merchandise is 12 ounces, and the limit of size is 12x8x4 inches, while to Austria, Germany, Prussia, Norway, Sweden Denmark and other countries of the postal union the maximum size is 8x4x4 inches and the weight is limited to 8¾ ounces Every postmaster is furnished with an official postal guide containing information respecting rates of postage conditions of prepayment, manner of wrapping limitations of size, weight, etc , and should be consulted before mailing any package about which there should be a doubt as to its admission into the mails The sending of coin or articles of jewelry to foreign countries is prohibited

The following interesting facts as to the

WORK OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Are made public The whole number of letters received during the last year was 4 207 496 or an average of 13 600 for each day Of these 3 049,252 were sent there because they were not called for at the postoffices to which they were directed, 88 189 were returned to postoffices by hotel keepers and thence sent to the dead letter office because the departed guests for whom they were intended failed to leave a new address, 275 240 were sent there because they were insufficiently prepaid for mailing, 454 because they contained articles forbidden to be transported in the mails, 274 71? because they were erroneously or illegibly addressed while 11 711 bore no superscription whatever The number of parcels of merchandise books clothing needle work jewelry etc received during the year was 60 476 The total number of dead letters which were mailed abroad was 3?6 288 These were all returned to the respective countries of origin unopened Of the domestic letters opened 11 98? contained money amounting to $44 326 6? 21 575 contained drafts checks or money orders etc to the amount of $1 902 113 7? 52 463 contained postage stamps 44 791 contained receipts paid notes and canceled obligations of all sorts and 39 213 contained photographs Every letter and package

IS DELIVERED TO THE OWNER

If possible Misdirected letters are not unopened to the persons addressed if practicable. Of these 79 450 domestic and 7 65 foreign were so delivered during the past year

Letters and parcels which cannot be delivered to the persons addressed are opened and if it is feasible restored to the senders the former free of charge and the latter upon the receipt of the return postage Every opened letter containing an inclosure of value is carefully recorded and those for which no owner can be found are filed away subject to reclamation at any time Letters without inclosures of obvious value are not recorded but are returned to the writers if practicable, otherwise they are destroyed A large proportion of the most valuable parcels sent here is addressed to foreign countries and detained here because they contain dutiable ... or exceed the limit of size or weight In all such cases if the name of the sender does not appear the addresses are notified that the package will be forwarded by express at their expense, or returned to the sender if they will furnish the proper address in this country The articles received in parcels which can neither be delivered to the person addressed nor returned to the sender are finally sold at auction and the proceeds deposited in the United States treasury. Letters are only read to ascertain the name and address of the writer or to see if anything which was originally inclosed is missing Information obtained from letters in the course of their official treatment in the dead letter office is never divulged

A Flying Fish in Delaware Ba

Smyrna Times

I ... Campbell ... [illegible] ... Bombay ... on Saturday caught a flying fish a great curiosity in our waters a ... that came into the bay from the ocean It was about ten inches long something like a mullet but with ... and ... [illegible] ... flying fish ... [illegible] ... in the ... [illegible]

PERSONALITIES.

Something on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUAINTNESSES.

The Oddities and Eccentricities of the Men Who ... Associated with the ... of ...

[illegible]

... Gov ... [illegible] ... for the ... the ... of his ... wife

[illegible] ... Mrs ... Tenn

... John Quincy Adams was ... the ... man ... he ... ever ...

... Bell of telephone fame ... is ... New ... $10,000

The ... a shelf in the ... Thus ... selling ...

Ex-Senator ... Davis is to be presented ... by ... friends in Texas with ... made of ...

Ex-G ... Routt of Colorado has contributed $10 000 toward the building of a Christian church in Denver

Some anonymous philanthropist has sent $10 000 to the ... of the homeopathic hospital at Boston

At Ewing, ... Martin Mann and three children were drowned while attempting to cross a ... ing

An old friend of ... Cooper ... that ... was ... that ... clean down to his boots

Ex-Governor Hendricks ... to ... not appear to be ... with Sly Sammy Tilden

American ... have seen Pope Leo XIII say that there is ... striking ... semblances between him and Mr William M Evarts of New York

Reports say that the king of Ashantee has relinquished his throne and retired to the coast and that western Africa is in a state of confusion

Victor Gully notorious as having been charged with poisoning DeLanne or Bravo a barrister of Balham Surrey England in April 1876 is dead

Carter Harrison was abused by the Chicago *Inter Ocean* before his election to the extent of twenty two columns in one issue His majority was 10 000

When English ... he was going to settle in town Fogg remarked that English creditors would be glad to know that he was going to settle somewhere

The police attach much importance to the fact that O Herlihy, arrested on a charge of conspiracy to murder, received an order for £30 from America

It is now suggested that Gould may be going out on his yacht trip as a missionary to the natives of the South seas He could give them points on cannibalism

Don Carlos the pretender to the Spanish crown, lives in Venice where he is causing much scandal by his misbehavior. The aristocracy generally shun him

The Russian papers announce that the coronation of the czar will be a free show The authorities evidently perceive that everybody in the house is likely to be a deadhead anyway

Ben Butler has been hobnobbing with Louise and Lorne Perhaps the old schemer is after the governor-generalship of the Canucks and is trying to induce the marquis to resign in his favor

The *Spectator* calculates that Gustave Dore must have made eight illustrations a day, on an average, during the second fifteen years of his life At thirty years he had published 44 000

General Spinner is 81 years old and is still in rugged health He proposes to live right along until he learns to write his name so that an expert can tell which is the front end of it *Detroit Chaff*

Stranger in Boston Can you direct me to the house in which Emerson lived? Bostonian Emerson? Don't know 'im But I can show you the saloon where Sullivan took a drink —*Philadelphia News*

Henry James the novelist, wrote a play for the Madison Square theater It would take from eight in the evening until four in the morning to produce it, and he was asked to boil it down Then he got mad

William Campbell a young farmer of Mexico, Mo won a wager of $100 and received two and one-fourth cents per bushel besides for his labor at a corn-shucking bee In eight days he threw over his shoulder 549 bushels of corn

Manager Mapleson speaks of rich and fashionable New Yorkers who patronize his operas as "the vulgar herd" This is too bad And the New Yorkers have tried so hard to look, talk and act like Englishmen, to —*Philadelphia News*

A Mr Marsden says "I should not be surprised to see Governor Butler president of the United States" Perhaps not, but just think Mr Marsden how astonished the other fifty millions of our inhabitants would be —*Norristown Herald*

Rev John Jasper is still preaching that "the sun do move" Rev John is certainly right, but when he adds and the airth stands fast," his ebony reverence has got himself turned round without knowing it

Mr Herbert Spencer's health causes his friends some anxiety It has been impaired apparently by his American journey Since his return to England he has been unable to perform his usual quantity of work, and he declines all invitations

The president has ordered a gold medal to be presented on behalf of the government to Captain Johann Love of the Norwegian bark Vesta for humane services in rescuing the crew of the sinking American schooner Jennie A Shepard at sea October 15 1882

The picture given of Porfirio Diaz by *Harper's Weekly* is accompanied by the remark that Diaz is one of the most energetic and sagacious statesmen of the day Judging from his phiz one would say that he knew more about the prize ring than statesmanship

Mr Tabor who was a senator for thirty days got more fun and notoriety out of it than other members who have been there about as many years His principal business while in the chamber was to trot around with an autograph album and get the signatures of the members

The prince of Wales (father of George III) was hated by his parents The queen told Lord Hervey that My dear first born is the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world and I most heartily wish he was out of it."

Mr Howells has written a sequel to Their Wedding Journey It is called Niagara Revisited Such a thing as a married couple having enough money left to revisit Niagara after their wedding journey was never known —outside of a novel Almost any improbable thing can be worked up into fiction

Thos D'Arcy McGee was murdered in Ottawa Ont. years ago and the assassin was hanged for it But the enemies who hired the assassin have remained unknown and now some dry ... proposes to reveal the whole if they are guaranteed immunity The root of the trouble was doubtless in the Irish troubles of 48

Buckle never forgot his mother's incessant watchfulness in the care of his frail health and the development of his youthful and astonishing ... Miss Taylor ... remarkably attached were the mother and the son ... merely by love such as ties of blood engender but by that ... of sympathies sympathy of mind

Oscar Wilde attracted little attention in Paris ... the *Figaro* thinks the next time he takes occasion to write in an album we may expect him to predict the speedy and ... downfall of the French Republic and to assert that the Parisians really know nothing about the art of clothing the human form gracefully

It is related to the great credit of Major Henry D McDaniel the democratic candidate for governor of Georgia that having been the guardian of some orphan and minor children during the war and having invested a portion of their estate in confederate bonds he ... them ... after the close of the war as soon as he had earned in any ... enough to ... [illegible]

A few weeks ago when David France the Mexican ... [illegible]

CONCERNING PLAYING CARDS

Something About the Varieties in Use and Their Manufacture

New York Evening Post

[illegible] ... in the ... [illegible] ... A few years ... [illegible] ... do not know of any other ... being made to substitute a new style of card and ... [illegible] ... rises, ... will at once sit down with ... ... we frequently make changes in the designs on the back of the cards and bring out six or eight new designs every year The latest design is that used for the style known as the Club cards The design is a wave pattern ... from geometrical lathe plates ... machinery for the printing of these backs cost us $5000 ... but there was a demand for this style of cards that had to be supplied The design covers the entire back of the card and is so continuous and so contrived that a private mark could not be made on the card without detection and the surface of the card is so highly polished that the slightest indentation will at once manifest itself These cards are not made for clubs but the name Club cards is simply a brand

The different clubs have their cards made to order We ... make ... the designs themselves but they generally leave that work to us We make all the cards for the Union Club as well as for many other clubs not only in this city but throughout the country and in England The Union Club has its monogram in each corner on the back of their cards, and it requires a good many packs in the course of a year It is a rule never to use a pack of cards at more than one sitting It does not matter whether the play continues ten minutes or ten hours Each party when they sit down are supplied with a new pack and when they quit play the pack is put away and is not again used in the club room It is either sold to some member of the club for his private use or returned to us to be destroyed and made into new pulp

There are probably from fifteen to eighteen different brands of playing cards in the market ranging in prices from $2 to $9 per dozen packs The cheapest and probably the widest known brand is the Steamboat These are made of two sheets of cotton paper glued together and do not have the snap and life that the finer qualities have The demand for these cards comes principally from the east and from California They are made in two styles—double heads and single heads The double heads are sold almost entirely in the east, while the trade in California almost invariably ask for single heads This brand was so named because it was made to meet the great call for a cheap card on the western steamboats in the early days of steam navigation on the Ohio and Mississippi They are gotten up and can be sold at a profit at 25 cents a pack Very often during a trip from New Orleans to St Louis or Cincinnati the passengers on board would use up six gross of packs of cards The cards are made with star or plain backs and are soft and have no life. Still, as I said there is a great demand for them The next salable brand of card is the Mogul card which is made of cotton and linen paper The cotton makes it smooth and soft, so that it will take a very fine polish, and the linen gives it snap and life These cards are made with the triplicate face card and also the indicator face, and the demand for them comes principally from the southwest and the eastern states The highest priced cards are made with gilt edges, and these are sold chiefly for private use

A POETIC WIDOW

"The Sweet Responsive Echo of Soul to Soul"

Our friend Spykens has made a mash," to use the language of the worldly He incidentally became acquainted with the Widow McWinzie at a church social last fall She has now come to the conclusion that he is her natural affinity and wants him for her fourth husband Her strong suit is poetry or as she expresses it human esthetic rhyme, the sweet, responsive echo of a soul to a soul

Dear Mr Spykens sighed the widow the other evening puckering her mouth down to the size of a shirt button hole as it were you have lived and loved The mellifluous profundity of your sympathetic soul has always required that you should

'Ah yes Mrs McWinzie you bet I—'

'Call me Hitty, dear my name is Mehitable and those most endeared to me always call me Hitty"

All right, Hitty goes

"Well as I was about remarking, my nature was aboriginally poetic, away up among the embarrassed clouds of heaven's sublimated artillery My first husband was a dear, genial spirit attuned to poetic harmony, but nothing could rhyme with his name, It was Tulkington I used to weave it into poetic verse by abbreviating it into Tulky but even then it would never make a smooth rhyme with any other word. Two short years he loved and languished, and then sank to eternal rest, as though the springs of his couch had been the Springs of Parnassus"

'Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Spykens 'What a rattling good obituary you must have written for him!"

"Ah, me" sighed the widow 'I tried over a year to write seven verses suitable and perhaps might have succeeded had I not been wooed and won by Jason Babcock. My new married life was bright and hopeful until I tried to merge into the poesy The culmination came when I composed twenty seven verses, each one rhyming his name the best of which were mason basin face one! Then he closed the doors of his heart took his overcoat and valise and bade me farewell I never saw or heard of him more

'What a miserable narrow gauge, unappreciative wretch he must have been"

The widow gave a responsive roll of her dark gray eyes toward the sympathetic Spykens as she continued

"Yes the rhymatic music of poetry did not abound in his wordly soul and my own longing heart almost perished before I procured a divorce on the ground of desertion Then I married my old friend and schoolmate Timothy McWinzie He had a soul full of sympathy, and when he realized how my poetic nature was crushed by the very idea of making rhymes of his name or any part of it he earnestly, yet rashly attempted it himself For days and weeks he wrote and went about the house muttering to himself binzie crinzie dinzie finzie ginzie, and his last words as he died in the insane asylum were minzie, pinzie listing zinzie"

How dramatically sad moaned Spykens as he reflected upon the rhyming possibilities and calamities of his own name.

Did you ever read Thaddeus of Washoe? asked she beaming her loving eyes full of literary intelligence full upon him as she gently laid her hand on his coat sleeve

Spykens owned up that he hadn't, and ... himself away from her sweet presence pleading pressing business engagements The widow had money in bank and a whole pile of stocks and is looked upon as a desirable matrimonial investment but when Spykens reflects musingly upon the sad fate of those three husbands two killed and one driven away by her infernal poetry assisted materially no doubt, by her large cold clammy feet he concludes to remain single —*Virginia* ... *Enterprise*

Three of a Kind

Boston Courier

The president of a matrimonial association entered into a contract with the landlady of a boarding house, agreeing that if she would keep three kinds of meat on the table he would board with her three months The other day a lawsuit grew out of the contract and when the case came up for trial the president of the matrimonial association made a statement declaring that liver was the only kind of meat furnished by the landlady The woman in reply said Judge I promised to keep three kinds of meat and I have at each meal I have had beef liver, hog liver and sheep liver If that ain't three kinds of meat I am willing to surrender my experience and hire out as a professional ... [illegible] ... that the ... [illegible] ... the unfortunate ... dent in ...

[illegible]

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R. I. THOMPSON, President | J. W. BRAZEE, Vice Pres't | W. A. SPENCER, Cashier

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OF PORTLAND OREGON

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Directors

[illegible] ... W. M. ... W. ... R. M. Wade ... Earhart ... H. S. Finney

Union Block, Corner Second and Stark sts.

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No. 40 First St corner Ash, Portland, Or.

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4½ per cent per annum on 6 months deposits
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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted Deposits received on current account, subject to check, also on special certificate

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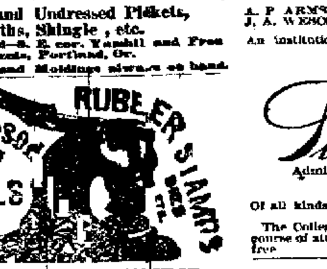

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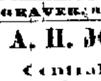

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Capital paid up	1,000,000
Reserve Fund in addition to capital	1,675,000
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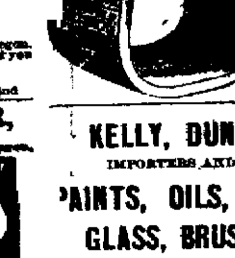

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Martin Shelton and Wm Webster were scuffling at Steilacoom, when Shelton fell, breaking both bones of his right leg above the ankle

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

HAYNESVILLE, Ohio, February 11 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters and never took anything that did me as much good I took only two bottles, and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients and get the best results from their use
C. B. MERCER, M. D.

"Many a sickly woman whose sad experience had demonstrated alike the failure of so called doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new lease of life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Compound, and has gone on her way rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass.

mouth and caused the teeth bleed, and then he gave him a wide-winder in both eyes, and he pulled off the boxing gloves and grabbed a chair as though there was a panic I haven't seen peace since.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure eradicated my pimples. They used to break out continually." ... son, Rochester, N. Y. ...

about this instrument. Years of use have tested it, and thousands of cures are certified to. Weakness from indigestion ... [illegible]

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1883.

AN OLD REFORM UNDER A NEW FLAG.

One by one the idols of the past are overthrown. This time it is our noble old English orthography, which certain prominent educational men in New York desire to reconstruct. Should they succeed the chief barrier against mediocrity will have been cast down, and the highest intellectual ranks will be thrown open to all. As it is at present English spelling is one of the chief tests of brain power. It is so recognized everywhere. Schools spend most of their time on it. Spelling is the great strain of book and newspaper publishing. It occupies a high place in the advanced grades of the civil service examination here and in England. It is the chief accomplishment insisted on in candidates for positions as teachers. It does not figure in the final pass examinations for college graduation. This fact, however, is not against the importance of the subject, but is solely in the interests of permitting a part of the class, at least, to appear in the final exercises, which a strict standard of spelling would cut them off from.

In consequence of this laxity of college standards the higher places in literature and education are filled with men who, by the aid of gifted private secretaries and first-class proof-readers (if there are any such), have been able to maintain themselves in their lofty positions, their orthographical unreliability not even suspected by any but their personal correspondents. Even the last point they have been able in great degree to guard by confining their personal letters to persons of similar weakness, and depending upon the inevitable private secretary when it became necessary to write to others. But the murder is out. The strain was too great. There has been a meeting of President Barnard, Professor Barnes, President Andersen, Dr. Howard Crosby, President Noah Porter and others, and correspondence with Max Mueller, Sir John Lubbock, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone and many others in England; and a Language Club has been formed. The name is unfortunate, and appears like a last dying effort to conceal the real intention of the society, and the weakness which it was intended to convert into a fashionable craze. It is, of course, a spelling club. They propose to spell by sound and to turn a cold shoulder to silent letters.

We honor their good sense. Hwat is the yus of riting leters hwich meen nuthing? Hwi du we begin the wurd "hwi" with an aspirat, but writ it with a "w?" This conundrum the spelling club will giv up, and in their familyar nots to eech other the wil drop silent letrs and spel on fonetic prinsipls. But it sems unfinished to stop at this point. We have heard of a man who has adopted shorter simbols yet for the ofnest recurring words. For "of" he writes "v;" for "the," "e;" for "which," "wh." Even thes fu abbreviations shorten e work v reading & writing very much. "Tim is munny," ses e proverb, and if this spelling reform goes into operation about two hours' schooltime a day will be gained by it. This, properly bestowed, will afford our children and grandchildren plenty of time for becoming adepts at all sorts of manual and artistic crafts. By these the productive power of the human race will be doubled, and nobody will be harmed but the typefounders, who have so much money invested in silent letters.

WHAT DO CHILDREN KNOW?

At the opening of a child's school life the question to be ascertained is: What does a child really know? The primers and first readers suppose that he knows the prominent planets, the more obvious divisions of his own body, a good deal about trees, brooks, flowers, hills, skies, waterfalls, birds, beasts and creeping things. Country children do know these things to some extent. But city children do not. Some very interesting examinations have been instituted in Berlin and in Boston for the purpose of finding out what kind of knowledge or ideas children have when they first begin attending school. The Princeton *Review* for May contains an article upon the subject by Mr. C. Stanley Hall, which no school superintendent or primary teacher can afford to miss. The work of questioning was done by experienced kindergarten teachers. It covers about 130 subjects, and about 250 individuals were examined, carefully avoiding extreme cases of stupidity or quickness. The results are surprising. Of rural objects, like "beehive, crow, bluebird, ant, squirrel, snail and robin," from 80 to 80 per cent of the children were ignorant, the smaller percentage referring to the object last on the list. "Growing wheat, elm tree, maple" etc., were unknown to from 86 to 92 per cent. The location of the child's "ribs, lungs, ankles and waist" was unknown to from 52 to 90 per cent. Of geometrical forms the circle was known to 65 per cent; the triangle to only 8 per cent. That leathern things come from animals was known to but 7 per cent; the origin of cotton things to 10 per cent; of flour to 11 per cent; that wooden things came from trees, 45 per cent; the origin of milk was known to 80 per cent, but the table does not say whether the milkman or the cow was regarded as the origin. It is also suggestive to learn that in 450 answers fifty-three wrong acts are specified; in 850 answers thirty-four different good acts are specified. The boys, naturally, were rather more radical in their distinctions. Their wrong acts were "to steal, kick, fight, break windows, cuss," etc. Girls' wrong acts were "not to comb their hair, to get butter on the dress, climb trees, unfold the hands, catch flies," etc. The list of right acts was painfully short and tame. It is understood that these and similar inquiries are still in progress, and that it is the hope of Dr. Hall to accumulate material and set it in order, by the aid of which our current methods of teaching can be materially improved. Incidentally, also, the quest is likely to throw light upon family training.

BANDS OF MERCY.

As an outgrowth of the labors and influence of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, comes the auxiliaries known as bands of mercy. In European schools it has been long established that teaching kindness to lower creatures made children more merciful in all their relations to human beings as well as dumb brutes. Lessons on the subject are now given in over five thousand schools in France. In a single department of France about five hundred societies of school children have been formed to carry out this teaching. So also in Germany, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland and Great Britain, similar societies have been formed. More than a hundred thousand English school children now belong to them. It is claimed that they have great influence in preventing crime.

In the public schools of Philadelphia about 5000 boys now belong to these societies, having meetings, lodges, banners, etc. The American band of mercy was formed last summer in Boston, since which time about 300 bands have been organized with about 28,000 members, and reaching as far west as the Pacific coast, and in all grades of schools, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. Among the earlier members in Massachusetts were Governor Long, Mayor Green of Boston, Chief Justice Morton of the supreme judicial court, Archbishop Williams, many leading editors and educational men, and some 200 clergymen of various denominations. To form a band nothing is absolutely necessary except the signing of the pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures." These organizations have been carried into hundreds of the public schools and Sunday schools of eastern cities. Through these bands of mercy the whole human literature of the world may be used to pour into their minds those noble, elevating and merciful thoughts which will make both them and their parents better in all the relations of life. The great Agassiz taught his pupils to protect the toad; avoid treading upon the harmless worm, etc.; and to show the power of teaching kindness to the higher creatures he had only to call attention to the histories of the Quakers and Moravians. If the whole world were Quakers and Moravians there would be no use for prisons. Teach your children kindness to all harmless living creatures, and they will repay ten-fold in kindness to parents and their fellow-men. Who will be the one to inaugurate bands of mercy in the city of Portland, thereby decreasing the tendency to crime and fitting the rising generation for lives of usefulness, honesty and temperance?

One of the active out-door sports which young women can enjoy equally with young men is boating. Rowing in moderation is agreeable as a diversion and healthful and strengthening in the extreme. In the east young ladies' boating clubs are "quite the thing" this year, and on Lake George a match has been arranged between crews of girls belonging to one of the prominent seminaries. The girls' clubs are not so general or public as the young men's clubs, but they are numerous, and their members are as enthusiastic and as skillful as the boys. The vanity of the sex finds in the designing of boating costumes abundant opportunity for invention and taste, and this, it is cynically hinted, is one element of the new popularity of boating. We should be glad to see our Portland young ladies take a hand, or, rather, an oar in this delightful sport.

The whirligig of time appears to crably sure in bringing around its revenges. General Rosecrans is the last subject for the verification of the saying. It will be remembered that some time ago he created quite a sensation by the publication of some private letters through which it was endeavored to break down the reputation of a dead statesman and soldier. Now the matter appears to be made pretty near y even by the publication in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of two private letters from General Rosecrans to the governor of California, one recommending a man to office, to be presented by the applicant; the other sent privately to the governor telling him that the first was only written to gammon and get rid of the office seeker. Probably by this time the general entertains very decided opinions about the propriety of publishing purely private correspondence.

It is a habit with many nursery maids to parade up and down First street during the busiest hours of the afternoon trundling their infant charges before them in perambulators which take up as much space as three or four people, and are much more difficult to avoid in passing. The sidewalks, too narrow at best, are almost blockaded by baby wagons. It would seem that nurses would have consideration enough for the public to keep off the busy streets with the "pestiferous machines," but as they do not, the council ought to prescribe limits which they cannot invade. The ordinance prohibiting velocipedists from using the sidewalks should be extended so as to include baby wagons.

Mr. Salmi Morse has taken a new tack. He has given up his persistent efforts to produce the "Passion Play" in New York, and now asks to have his "Temple" licensed as the "Twenty-third Street Theater." The purpose of the change is to produce thirty-three new plays of his own construction, the first one being stated to be a mysterious comedy, under the rather alarming title of "A Bustle Among Petticoats." Mr. Morse declines to give the plot of the play, evidently trusting that the conjectures aroused by the name will fill his house. The transition from his late effort to this one is a remarkable descent, and awakens forebodings as to the depths which Mr. Morse may reach before he exhausts the thirty-three plays which he says he has in store.

The early tornadoes in the south and Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Indiana justly rouse great fears in all the region of what the spring and summer may bring. These storms which have come two months before their usual time, have shown an unusually virulent type and are justly a terror to the people who may be subjected to them. All last summer it was impossible to hold an audience either to worship or amusement in a church or theater in Iowa if there were signs of a storm or the wind blew briskly, and there was not much soundness to sleep in that country until winter had subdued the hot fury of the murderous air.

Tom Whiffen's Trouble.

Mr. Thomas Whiffen, an actor of great experience, merit and reputation, tells a number of entertaining stories of his experience in the emotional drama out west. He is a member of the Madison Square company, and in the play of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" does the part of Burton Scott, the lawyer. He has a deal of comedy business, of course, but in the final act of the piece he encounters many passages where there is a demand for the economics, and these demands he meets in a thoroughly artistic way. At Central City, the other night, the audience appeared to highly enjoy his comedy, and the people in the gallery were specially vociferous in their demonstrations of delight. He apprehended trouble ahead, and, sure enough, when the final act arrived and the crafty lawyer was attempting a reconciliation between the estranged husband and wife by recalling such scenes in their married life as would seem calculated to melt their anger and draw them together, the larger part of the house kept right on laughing and giggling as if the affecting scene were the broadest bit of comedy ever witnessed. The lawyer gravely said: "There is something else I have not recalled." A suppressed giggle. The lawyer solemnly proceeds: "It is a little grave at Greenwood." Laughter and general merriment. The lawyer continues: "Your little child is buried there," etc. And the words are interrupted by a laugh here, a giggle there and a titter everywhere, irretrievably marring one of the most solemn and beautiful emotional passages of the play. Nobody has ever satisfactorily explained why it is that people, unaccustomed to theater-going, invariably laugh at the wrong points during a theatrical performance. Is it because they are really too obtuse to distinguish between the ludicrous and the solemn? We are inclined to believe it is because they are weak enough and foolish enough to be ashamed to show that they are moved by mimic suffering and pathos—some such reason as impels some people to assume an air of gaiety at a funeral, and an appearance of contentment, when they are at heart utterly miserable.

A clergyman is under a cloud of displeasure because he kissed the bride at the conclusion of the ceremony when he had been requested in advance by the bridegroom to omit that performance. Alas! It is human to err!

Gold cups and saucers were introduced for coffee at a dinner party in town the other evening, and the guests seemed nervous in handling them lest they should be accused of an attempt to purloin a cup or a saucer.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

Something About the Primeval Days of the American Republic.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Knickerbockers of New York and the Cavaliers of the South—How People Lived in those Times.

The Knickerbockers lived in New York. In Holland a "knicker" is a small clay ball, baked and oiled, which the boys used instead of marbles, for Holland has no marble-quarries. The people who make and bake the balls are called knickerbockers. The Knickerbockers of New York lived in steep-roofed houses, with porches by the doors, where the burgers sat and smoked their pipes. Upon the doors were great brass knockers, ornamented with Griffin's head. The brick walls were thick and strong, the kitchens large, with wide-mouthed fire-places.

The Dutch were patient, slow-going, honest, industrious and thrifty. They came from a race that built great dykes out into the ocean in Holland, inclosing a portion of the sea, erected wind-mills, pumped out the water, transforming the sea into a garden. They were the men who, to get rid of the Spaniards, let the sea in upon the land. The houses of the Dutch farmers along the Hudson and up the Mohawk were usually of one story, with low roof and great chimneys. Upon every ridge-pole was a weather-cock. The water-spouts projected far beyond the stoop. The houses of their ancestors in Holland were built with such spouts to carry the rain into the canals, and the settlers constructed theirs after the same pattern, although there were no canals to receive the water.

The housewives kept the kitchen neat and tidy, scrubbing the floors, sprinkling them with sand, and in summer filling the great fire-places with pine boughs. In the cellar were barrels of salty beef and pork, bins of potatoes, beef, parsnips, and carrots. Every farmer had a smokehouse where he smoked his bacon, a cabbage garden and tobacco patch, raising his own tobacco. With plenty to eat and drink, the farmer lived peacefully and happily, knowing little and caring less for what was going on in the world. The Yankees might be ever on the move, but he would stay at home, eat at his own table, sleep in his own bed, toss his baby on his knee, singing the song sung to his fathers in their childhood, to him when he was a baby:

> "Trip a tropp a tronjes,
> De varkens in de boontjes,
> De koejes in de klaver,
> De paarden in de haver,
> De kalf en in de long grass,
> De eenjes in de water-plass,
> De groote mynkleen poppe je vas."

That is, the little baby on his knee was as happy as a little pig among the beans, as the cows up to their eyes in clover, the horses eating oats, the calves in the long grass, as the ducks swimming in the water.

In the farm house the family sat down to dinner around a solid oak table, and ate from wooden plates, with strings of dried apples, pumpkins, onions and squashes hanging from the beams above them.

The rich merchants in Albany and New York sat down at mahogany tables. They had platters of solid silver, and poured their liquors from clear cut glass decanters. They had hogsheads of good old wine in their cellars, and entertained their friends with princely hospitality. They wore cherry or plum-colored velvet coats, with wide skirts and cuffs, trimmed with gold or silver lace. They wore their hair in queues. After dinner they smoked their long-stemmed pipes and talked of their ventures in trade. Their wives wore rich silk and velvet gowns and costly lace, woven by the lace-workers of Antwerp.

The Knickerbockers had five holidays—Christmas, New Year, Pinkster, Whitsuntide and St. Nicolas. On New Year morning the men and boys fired guns and spent the day in calling on their friends, drinking punch and eating pretzels and cakes; drinking so often that before night everybody had a top-heavy head, confused ideas, and was weak in the legs. February 17 was "Vrouwen Dagh," or St. Valentine's Day, when the girls went through the streets with knotted whips, giving the young men and boys a whack. In June was "Pinkster," when the young people went in the woods and fields and held a picnic, gathering flowers, dancing beneath the trees, eating doughnuts and cheese and drinking home-made beer. The Dutch women worked hard from morning till night, rubbing and scrubbing, spinning and weaving, baking and brewing. The Knickerbockers slept with a bed above them as well as one beneath them. No Dutch maiden thought of marrying till she had two beds and a pile of linen sheets and pillow cases.

On Sunday evening lovers called upon their sweethearts. When the maidens had their outfit complete their lovers obtained from the governor a license to be married. The dominie came and married them. The day after the wedding everybody came to shake hands with the bride and bridegroom, and to eat pies, cakes, doughnuts and cheese, and drink rum, brandy schnapps, port, punch and maderia.

At funerals there was much eating and drinking. Scarfs and gloves were given to all the deceased's friends, and it was astonishing to see the number of friends some had! They sat around the coffin and smoked their pipes and drank wine. The minister drank a glass, offered a prayer, then drank another glass. Everybody joined in the procession to the grave, marching with slow steps, and came back to the house to eat and drink. What eating, and drinking, and carousing, when Lucas Wyngard of Albany died, in 1756! After the burial the mourners went back to the house, sat up all night smoking, eating and drinking a whole pipe of wine, besides, rum, brandy, gin and cider, breaking glasses and decanters, smashing chairs and tables, making a bonfire of their scarfs, dancing and singing songs, and most of them rolling dead drunk upon the floor.

The Dutch farmers of New York were slow about their work. They were not like the people of New England, always in a hurry. The women and girls milked the cows, churned butter, and made cheese, and when breakfast was over set the spinning wheel to humming or helped the men hoe the cabbages or swing the scythe, or raked hay in the meadows. Their arms were brown, their brow sunburnt, but they had honest faces. They made good wives, kept their houses neat and trim, scrubbing the floors and sprinkling them with white sand. They went to church on Sunday and listened to long sermons from the dominie, as he was called. On New Year's eve all the members of the family stood in front of the fire and sung a hymn to St. Nicholas.

The New Englanders were ever on the move, going somewhere; but the Dutch farmer wanted to remain at home, and there enjoy his beer, sausages, pretzels, cheese and long-stemmed pipe, which he smoked after breakfast, dinner and supper on the bench beneath the porch of his humble home. They were honest, industrious and contented. They could not understand how it was that Yankee manners, customs and ways of doing things should crowd out the ideas, manners and customs which they had inherited from their fathers.

A Yankee moved into Albany in 1789. In a few years enough had joined him to elect one of their number mayor. They passed an ordinance that no eave-spout should project into the street. The Yankee sheriff came with ladder and saw to cut them off. The Dutch women ran out with their brooms to give him battle. They scolded in Dutch and shook their brooms at him, but he made short work with the spouts. It was the going out of the old, the coming in of the new order of things among the Knickerbockers.

The first settlers in New Jersey were from Sweden and Holland, but a company of Yankees took possession of Newark. Presbyterians came from Scotland and Ireland, and Quakers from New England, and crowded out the Dutch. "The people of New Jersey are a very rustical people, and deficient in learning," wrote Governor Belcher. That was before the revolution. He meant to say that they were farmers. There were no large towns. There was a college in Princeton but not many schools in the state.

The people lived in small farm houses. They were industrious, thrifty, good natured and kind hearted. They passed laws against theaters, and would have no cock or dog fighting, no traveling on Sunday, dancing or playing cards. To them Christmas was like all other days.

They worked hard in the summer, but in the winter found their pleasure in visiting their friends—each housewife showing her butter and cheese, the cloth she had woven, and at supper setting her table with the whitest bread, sweetest butter, raspberry jam, currant jelly, cherry sauce, blackberry, pear and peach preserves. The people had no great love for holidays. Christmas was a relic of popery: Thanksgiving, dearest to the people of New England, had no place in their affections; scarcely a ripple disturbed the calm and almost motionless current of social life.

The first settlers of Pennsylvania were, like those of New Jersey, from Sweden and Holland, followed by the men and women who wore broad-brimmed hats and bonnets—the Quakers who came with William Penn. People from Wales, from Scotland and Ireland, Presbyterians and other religious people who called themselves Dunkards, made Pennsylvania their home. So it came about that on market day in Philadelphia one might hear languages in the dialects spoken by the country men and women who came in with their eggs, chickens, butter and cheese.

Philadelphia was the capital of the nation. The houses were built of brick, with balconies or porches. The houses of the wealthy citizens were surrounded with gardens and orchards, where on warm summer evenings garden parties were given to President Washington and the members of congress, and gentlemen of Philadelphia who carried gold-headed canes and gold snuff boxes and wore gold lace and cocked hats. Negro servants in livery waited on the guests, serving them with cake and coffee in porcelain cups, drawn from silver urns.

Many of the settlers of Pennsylvania were poor people who sold their services for four years to the Quaker farmers to pay for their passage, food and clothing. If they ran away and were caught, they were tied up to a whipping post and flogged. If a kind-hearted friend concealed a runaway servant, he was brought up before the justice of the peace and fined. The farmers had excellent gardens and raised cabbages, squashes, onions and cucumbers, and in every corner their daughters sowed beds of thyme, and roses, and hollyhocks. They kept bees, which buzzed among the flowers and filled their hives with honey. They had flocks of gabbling geese, ducks and turkeys. They sat down to bountiful tables. The country people were not very intelligent. There were a few private schools, where the children could learn to read and write. Old women who told fortunes did a thrifty trade. The great pleasures of the farmers were to visit their friends and neighbors, or to invite them to their own homes. The Quaker farmers drank tea and coffee and cider; the Germans, beer; the Irish, whisky. On market days and at fairs there was hard drinking among the Scotch and Irish, and some of them went home at night with bewildered brains, blackened eyes and broken heads.

In the southern states there were three classes of people—the poor whites, the planters, and the negroes. Many of the first settlers of Virginia were sent out from England as apprentices. Some of them were beggars and vagabonds, whom the police had hustled into jail at London; and the judges, that England might be rid of them, sent them to Virginia, where their services were sold to the planters. The descendants of the poor white people had a hard time. The planters treated them harshly, and the negroes looked down on them; but many of them had pluck enough to fight their way up and become honored and respected citizens. Yet a large portion had no ambition to rise. They were ignorant, for there were no common schools in the southern states. They lived in shanties, ploughed a patch of ground; with a mule and a cow harnessed together, or if they had no cow, the husband harnessed his wife with the mule. They raised corn and sweet potatoes, and lean, long-nosed pigs, and lived on ham and hominy. They smoked corn-cob pipes and drank raw whisky. Their chief pleasure was to go to a horse race, or to a country town on court days, and have wrestling matches, or a fight in the market places, and gouge out each others eyes. They hated work. The fact that the rich owned negro slaves made them all the more degraded. If they wanted food they helped themselves from the planter's corn crib, or stole chickens and turkeys. If found out they were compelled to stand in the pillory, sit in the stocks or be tied up to the whipping post. Very few of the poor people in Virginia could read and write. Ignorance and crime go hand in hand, and whenever the judges held court the sheriff had a long line of men awaiting trial, who had stolen chickens or turkeys or committed some other petty crime. The great merchants of Virginia lived in Norfolk or Alexandria. They purchased the tobacco raised by the planters and shipped it to England, bringing back silks and satins, broadcloths and cassimeres, tea, coffee, hardware, tables, chairs and bedsteads, for there were no manufactures in the southern states.

At the country cross-roads were log stores, where the planters made their purchases of rum, sugar and molasses. They owned wide reaches of land woods and fields. They lived in great houses with wide halls, large square rooms, piazza and portico. There were few mechanics in Virginia, and there was no good carpenter or joiner work about the houses. There were massive beams overhead; the wainscoting was wide, the doors sagged; the whole establishment was a piece of patchwork. Near the planter's house, in the rear, was the cook house with frying pans and bake oven. The first thing a planter did in the morning was to drink a glass of rum and sweetened water. After breakfast he rode over his plantation, to see if the negroes were at work. At noon he sat down to a dinner of boiled ham, mutton and cabbages. One of his neighbors dined with him, or he was a guest at his neighbor's house. They talked politics, or the price of tobacco and negroes, for slaves were wanted in North Carolina and Georgia and it was beginning to be profitable to raise slaves for market. Few of the planters had any books. They knew little of what was going on in the world. They loved hunting and kept packs of hounds. It was glorious to dash through fields and pastures, leaping fences with the hounds baying and the horn of the huntsman sounding. When the hunt was over they sat down to a grand dinner and drank mightily of port and madeira wine, rum and brandy. The one who could drink most before he fell dead drunk upon the floor was the best fellow. In the large towns, at parties, stately minuettes were danced to the music of the violin, the ladies wearing silks, satins and brocades, which had been purchased in London or Paris.

The Virginia planters were very hospitable. Living alone on their great plantations they were lonesome, and were accustomed to send to the towns to invite strangers to spend the night with them. Only by such means could they earn of what was going on in the world, for there were few newspapers, stage-coaches or post-riders. There were no bridges across the rivers. Streams that could not be forded were crossed by ferry. Aristocratic planters and their families rode in lumbering old coaches, going to church on Sundays with driver and footman in livery.

The slaves lived in log cabins, slept on straw beds, and ate their allowance of bacon, given by their overseers. Their names were Cæsar, Pompey, Cuff, Dinah, Cleopatra—never a surname. They had little joy in life, for the master sold them, separating husband and wife and children. Their only joy when the day's work was done was to dance and sing.

The people in the southern states thought a great deal of Christmas, putting up evergreen in their churches, making Christmas week one of holidays, giving parties, and sending presents to friends and neighbors. All the slaves on the plantation expected a present from the great house on Christmas morning. It was the one day of the year on which the colored people were supremely happy. For a whole week they would not be obliged to work, and they could sing and dance from Monday morning till Saturday night.

The men who crossed the Alleghanies and settled in Kentucky and Tennessee lived in log cabins, and wore linsey woolsey shirts and buckskin breeches. They carried few things across the mountains. The farmer must have an axe, hoe and a ploughshare. There must be an auger and a chisel in the neighborhood. With these they could make their rude plows and carts. The housewife must have a Dutch oven and frying-pan. With these she could begin housekeeping, eating from wooden plates, drinking pure water from gourd shells, and sleeping on bear skins. A little patch of ground supplied the family with corn, which was pounded with pestle in a hollow log for hominy or ground in a hand mill for Johnny-cake, and baked on a hot stove or in the ashes. They all ate sweet butter and drank the buttermilk. The husband's rifle supplied the family with venison and wild turkeys. There was no "rank" in society, no aristocracy of wealth and culture. They had few schools or books.

If a young man fell in love with a girl, he asked her at once to be his wife. There was no long courtship—no waiting until she could make sheets and pillow cases and a wedding gown. Very picturesque was a Kentucky wedding one hundred years ago. The guests met at the house of the bridegroom's father. Few of them had more than one suit of clothes in the world. The men wore leather breeches, leggins, and hunting shirts; the women and girls linsey woolsey gowns. They rode on horseback, for there was scarcely a wagon in Kentucky, Tennessee or Ohio. Before starting they took a drink of whisky. The wedding was at noon, and when the ceremony was over came the great dinner—a long table spread with great joints of roast beef, baked pig, turkeys, chicken, venison, bear's meat, bacon, eggs, Johnny-cake, cabbage, boiled hominy, hot milk-punch, sassafras tea, egg-nog, rum, and whisky.

After dinner the gray-headed negro fiddler put a stool upon the table, sat upon it and tuned his fiddle. He was master of ceremonies. "De jemmen will please choose dor partners," he would say. There was bowing and courtesying, and the dancing began, bride and bridegroom leading off. Through the afternoon, the evening and the night, till the fiddler could no longer draw his bow, till the weary feet could no longer keep step, the minuets, reels, jigs and breakdowns went on.

In the evening, when there was a lull in the dancing, the girls stole the bride away, hurried her up the ladder to the loft above and tucked her in bed; then the young men in turn lifted the bridegroom up the ladder and placed him beside her.

The young couple must have a house, and their friends gave them a "log-rolling"—cutting logs, matching the ends, rolling them one upon the other, building a cabin which had a stone fire-place at one end, and at the other a door split from bass wood and hung with wooden hinges. In such houses the young pioneers of the west began life, and laid the foundations of the great central states of the republic.

Embittered Wailings.

Chicago Herald.

Roscoe Conkling has been making a speech at a banquet in New York, at which he revealed his political sores with all the plenitude of Lazarus. In the guise of a lamentation at the rejection of Grant as a candidate in 1880, he berated the Republican party for various sins, chief of which, of course, is its indifference to the greatness of Mr. Conkling. Of course, Mr. Conkling announced oracularly that "the Democratic power is once more about to assume control of the country," an utterance which shows that the wish is father to the thought. The country has ceased to be interested in Mr. Conkling's sayings or doings. He quarreled with Garfield, and the country went on all the same. He resigned, in a pet, from the senate, and the capitol didn't crumble to ruins. He has quarreled with Arthur, but Arthur reigneth and the government at Washington still lives. In fact, all of Conkling's mighty upheavals have not caused more than a ripple upon the political sea. Despoiled of place and power, destitute of influence and eaten up with vain regrets and idle boastings, Conkling is but a sorry wreck of a statesman. He is said to have eschewed politics forever. It is well that he has done so, but it would be better still if he would cease to fill the air with jeremiads, useless repinings and embittered memories. Let him take a back seat and see that it does not slip from beneath him.

MEETING NOTICES.

G. A. R.—The members of Garfield Post, No. 1, G. A. R., will meet at their headquarters (Union block) this (Sunday) evening at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the memorial services at the Taylor street Methodist church.

WM. KAPUS, Commander.

R. M. McMASTERS, Adjutant.

Journeymen Painters.—There will be a meeting of all the journeymen painters on June 1, at Good Templars' hall, corner Third and Alder, at 8 P. M. Full attendance is requested.

NEW TO-DAY.

HOUSE FOR RENT AND FURNITURE FOR sale. Inquire Wells-Fargo's office. 27m1

WANTED—COATMAKERS, GENERAL TAILORS, and tailoresses at M. DAVIS', 95 First st. 2t

FOR RENT—TWO-STORY HOUSE ON FIFTH st., near College, No. 445. Inquire next door. 27m2d

FOR RENT—A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen, at 20 Jefferson street, between First and Second. 27m3

LOST—A BLACK SILK SUN UMBRELLA, WITH agate handle in the form of a cross. Please leave at this office. The finder will be suitably rewarded. 2t

WANTED—A GOOD, CHEAP LOT IN HOLLADay's addition, East Portland. Address, with exact location and price, J. L. C., P. O. box 540, Portland. 27m3

FOR SALE—A COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS, WITH bath, hot and cold water, in the choicest location of the city; price $3400. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., 28 Washington street.

FOR SALE—16 ACRES WITH RIVER FRONT lying north of the boneyard; a good buy; price $1600. J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington street.

FOR SALE—SEVERAL CHOICE LOTS AT THE south end of the city; cheap, with easy terms. FRED. CLARK & CO., 28 Washington street. 27m5d

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS LOT ON THE W side of Front street; a safe investment. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., 28 Washington street.

FOR SALE—LOTS IN PLEASANT HOME Addition to the City of East Portland, at low prices, with easy terms. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., 28 Washington street.

DRUG BUSINESS FOR SALE IN ONE OF THE most prosperous towns in Oregon. Inquire of HODGE, DAVIS & CO. 2m1f

FOR SALE—A CIGAR AND NOTION STAND in the central part of First street will sell at a bargain, on account of business calling owner east. Apply this office. 27m

WANTED—SITUATION TO DO PLAIN COOKing and housekeeping in small family; no objection to the country. Apply at MRS. ARAGO'S, corner Third and Ash.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN A SITUATION as porter in a wholesale house, or to drive delivery wagon; city references. Address, this office, W. P. G.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—TWO FIRST-class buttonhole makers and one buttonhole maker, at MRS. DEWHIRST'S, 105½ Morrison street.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED AT MY OFFICE, No. 3 Ainsworth block, on or before noon of Saturday, June 2, for the carpenter work, brick work, plastering, plumbing and gas-fitting, terra cotta chimneys and sewers of a four story building, in separate bids for each kind.

OTTO KLEEMANN, Architect.

LADIES,

Please look at

LITT'S WINDOW

TO-DAY.

GLASS BALL SHOOTING

WILL BE HELD

At E. F. INGRAM'S SALOON, near the scene of the Race Track, Sellwood,

OPEN TO ALL

SUNDAY, MAY 27th.

MUST BE SOLD

At prices to suit purchasers:

TWO LOTS ON FOURTEENTH AND G, CITY.

FOUR LOTS IN BLOCK 105, STEPHENS' ADDITION TO EAST PORTLAND.

And Six Lots on J street, city, in a very handsome neighborhood, at $1200 a lot; handsome frontage and perfectly level.

Also, Corner Lot 50x67 and Nice Cottage, on First street, this side of bridge—$2690.

And 18 Acres of Good Garden Land on Base Line Road for $165 per acre.

METROPOLITAN R. E. OFFICE, Room 31, Union Block, Stark Street.

FOR SALE.

$5000—House and lot on Washington street.

$1700—Two of the handsomest lots in E. Irving's addition.

$700—A choice lot in E. Irving's addition.

$150—Lots centrally located in Tacoma.

$350—Choice lots in City View addition.

$6000—100x100 on Morrison street.

C. P. FERRY, 27 Stark St.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAVERLY'S NEW MARKET THEATER.

F. W. STECHHAN, Manager.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 28,

RAYMOND HOLMES AND COMPANY IN WHIMS

1st DAME—HE-HE-HE.

2d DAME—HA-HA-HA.

Reserve your seats and get the best.

JUNE 6..........1883..........JUNE 13

GRAND

Theodore Thomas MUSICAL FESTIVAL

AT

San Francisco.

THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA,

MISS EMMA THURSBY AND OTHERS.

CHORUS OF SIX HUNDRED.

Diagram of seats and tickets for sale at D. W. Prentice & Co's.

HAVERLY'S New Market

F. W. STECHHAN,

....HOLMES—

....WHIMS —

....HOLMES—

....WHIMS —

....HOLMES—

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COMMENCING

MONDAY,

MAY

28,

Eccentric

COMEDIAN

RAYMOND HOL

AND

Fine

COMPANY

IN

MUSICAL A

ENTITLED

WHIMS! WHIMS!

WHIMS

VERY FU

BUT, FOR GOODNESS SAKE,

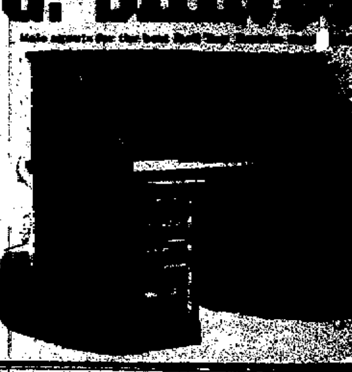
J. H. LOVE,

J. K. GI

AUTOMATIC SHADING P

PEN, GILLOTT

G. SHIND



WANTS.

WANTED—RAILROAD BRAGG... quire at Oregon and California... Engineering department.

WANTED—A GOOD BENCH HAND... used to ... shop, F. C. CAR...

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—BY A SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS young gentleman of experience, ... salesman or bookkeeper; only ... Address R., this office.

WANTED—A GENTLEMAN WITH ... wishes a position in office, store or ... business to learn the trade. Address ... office, within a week.

WANTED—A POSITION IN AN INSURANCE or real estate office, by a young man who has had several years experience ... work. Address H. K. PARKHURST, ... Oregon.

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT BY AN EXPERIenced bookkeeper, in city or country ... references. Address H., this office.

HELP WANTED.

20 WAIST FINISHERS WANTED AT ... LITT'S leading cloak house.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in a small family. Apply ... Caruthers' street.

WANTED—GOOD CABINETMAKERS TO work on billiard tables; none but reliable mechanics need apply. By CH. LOUIS KEHN, corner of Third and Ash streets.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

IMPROVEMENTS ON 40 ACRES OF LAND FOR sale—House and two acres of choice fruit trees, and other improvements; price $400; only 18 miles from city. Address L. U. A., this office.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PORTLAND ICE COMPANY IS PREPARED to supply pure mountain lake (natural ice) in any quantity from storehouses, Lake Oswego, Idaho, and Albina, Oregon. Office: 57 Oak street, cor Third. Telephone: No. 59 postoffice box 188 Portland, Or.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—TO-DAY, AT L. E. GARDNER'S, corner Third and Ash, one span match carriage horses, one span small express horses, one single buggy horse.

FOR SALE—A GLASS PARTITION WITH SASH door; also a round counter (walnut top) with counter shelf. Inquire at S. A. NEPPACH'S, corner First and Oak streets.

FOR SALE—30 DAIRY COWS, A PICKED LOT; also good horse and wagon. Apply to P. HOLLAND, 308 Market and Lownsdale streets.

FOR RENT.

TO LEASE—ON FIRST STREET, FOR A TERM of years, lot 2 block 61, Caruthers' addition. Inquire of MRS. WIGHT, No. 21 East Seventh st.

ELEGANT FAMILY CARRIAGES,

Landaus, Demi-Landaus, Broughams, Coupelets, Cabriolets, English and Berlin Coaches, Rockaways, Doctors' Phaetons, Dog Carts and Village Carts, warranted equal to the best New York City make, and at

LOWER PRICES.

The James Cunningham, Son & Co.,

1304 and 1306 Washington Avenue.

ST. LOUIS - - - - MISSOURI.

E. CHARLES STROWBRIDGE, Manager.

HEALTHY—Vigorous, Sound, Hale, Salubrious; Healthful, Wholesome, Salutary.—WEBSTER.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

PFUNDER'S

KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

PIANO KNABE

A. L. BANCROFT & CO. S. F.

GENERAL AGENTS

...y Oregonian.

...ORNING, MAY 27, 1883.

...AY OREGONIAN.
...following places.
...and Morrison.
...Third and Yamhill.
...Morrison.
...First.
...and Morrison.
...store, 45 First street.
...Washington.
...and Ash.
...and D.
...near E.
...First and Salmon.
...bet. E and F.
...building, East Portland.
...First street.
...street, near Fourth.
...room of THE OREGONIAN, cor.

...TO-DAY.

...M., for delivery of mails.

...ABOUT PORTLAND.

...arrived here at 9:40

...bank of McMinnville will ... about September 1.

...State of California arrived ... at 9:20 last evening.

...and family will return by ... San Francisco to-day.

...O'Shanter arrived at ... Friday night.

...C. Wilson return by ... San Francisco to-day.

...E. Holmes will return ... visit to California.

...Astoria at 7:45 A. M: ... Portland at 12:45 P. M.

...and Miss An... Mr. Blumauer is an...

...(see Miss Allie Will... from New York and will ...

...yesterday pleaded ... liquor without a ...

...injured on Friday even... his dog-cart, was re... condition last evening.

...Chosen Friends last ... to Mabel, ... and Mrs. William

...Decoration Day will be ... M. E. church, ... W. Izer preaching a

...Tuesday even... to remain. Mr. ... improved that he ... California.

...and the Columbia ... yesterday. At ... eight inches and at ... hour here rose two

...the Western Union ... Bories, W. W. ... Miss Annie ... and James T.

...wardrobe was de... intends to ... as possible. He ... to assist Mr.

...side by Captain ... W. Taylor was ... yesterday afternoon. ... and will ply ... She is a very

...the O. & C. R. ... rapidly. Only ... through, and ... hear blasts ... end of the tun... completed by July 1.

...be given by the ... evening, can be ... Thompson's and ... Prentice's music ... Full notice of ... morning's

...afternoon ... of New ... decidedly the ... of Miss De ... Lucy Fair... appointment be... comedian, did

...forwarded to O. H. ... trout, weigh... packed in ice. ... that it is the ... past year in ... fisherman ... Drum Ma...

...an office ... extension. The ... is called Julia. ... to recognize ... company have also ... five miles ... carried from ... D. A. Levins.

...in the Columbia ... to-day, since our ... for the following ... D. R. Roberts ... B. B. Keyser,

...will issue commis... company E of the state ... equipments will ... immediately. ... pains in drilling ... expected to present ... parade on July 3.

...INSTITUTE.

...of the Portland ... current year was held ... Park street school ... programme had been ... roll call, Prof. Craw... upon the subject of ... T. L. Eliot then de... interesting lecture up... exhibiting many illus... adjourned.

...P. INSTITUTED.

...K. of P., was insti... evening last by ... assisted by a delega... from Portland. The ... favorable auspices, ... charter members. ... as follows: C. W. ... Stone, C. C.; Thomas ... Johns, P.; Geo. P. ... H. F. Fract, M. of F.; ... R.; F. I. Dunbar, M. at ... G. C. Richardson, O. G.

...RACE.

...Club's cup race came ... announced and excited con... stars lacked interest on ..., but the finish was ... in in good style and ... distance two and one-... shell, 14 min. 45 sec.; ... 15 min. 25 sec.; Vida, ... the paper shell won the ... each will receive one of ... presented by H. G. ... become his personal

...RAIDED.

...house situated on the ... Alder streets, in which is ... game of "Chu fon ... the police last night, ... found intently wager... coin and were herded ... to the jail. The place ... the one which fur... gambling cases for the grand ... number only two were con... ratio is taken this time, ... no victim, except it be ... Mongolians a cut up it to ... is claimed that better evi... against these gamblers ... All gave bail for their appearance before Judge Moreland for examination to-morrow. Policemen Hudson, Dobbins, Lyons, James and Ward participated in the raid.

A CHINESE SOCIETY.

There has been recently organized in our city a society composed of the better class of Chinese merchants and business men known by the name of the Portland Reform and Benevolent Union. Its avowed object is to suppress gambling, lotteries, houses of ill-fame and other violations of the law in the city of Portland. It consists now of about forty members and is constantly increasing, and is organized by a full set of officers, consisting of a president, secretary and treasurer, with other subordinate officers. As the name imparts, the object of the society is to suppress gambling, lotteries and houses of ill-fame. They intend to aid the officers of the law to exterminate, as far as possible, those and other violations of the laws of the country where they reside. This society ought to be a power, if properly used, to close out Chinese gambling houses, lotteries and other dens of infamy in our midst. The purposes of this society are sufficiently broad to cover opium joints as one of the vices peculiar to the lower classes of Chinese.

DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.

Thos. Huntington, the well-known plasterer while going out to his farm near the Sandy on Friday afternoon became involved in a quarrel with a party of men working on the road under Supervisor Simmons. The accounts given of the affair are different, but as several suits have commenced it is likely the truth will come out. It appears that Huntington was driving by where the men were at work when one of them lifted up the end of a plank and tipped the dog cart so much that a child which was in it with Huntington and his wife, fell over the dashboard upon the shaft. Huntington stopped and an altercation ensued in which he was vilely abused. He wanted to know why they used him so, and was told if he would come back they would tell him. He went back and was set upon by seven or eight men, and beaten and kicked till he was unconscious. He was then put in the cart and Mrs. Huntington drove him home. There can be no excuse for such a cowardly and outrageous proceeding. Complaint was made against Huntington in Justice Greene's court, but he was unable to be present yesterday.

NOT UP IN GEOGRAPHY.

A little unpleasantness which occurred in a house at the north end a day or two since would seem to indicate that the schoolmaster is abroad or that our public school system does extend its benefits to all. It appears that George Wallace and George Landerkin were talking about Puget Sound and the contiguous waters when Landerkin stated that the Fraser river emptied into the Gulf of Georgia. Wallace did not see it in that light, and made a remark to the effect that Landerkin was a —— fool. A moment after the two, by some means, were engaged in a fierce struggle. The stove was knocked over, the sewing machine broken to pieces and Landerkin—well, he was all broken up, too. He made a complaint in the police court, and Wallace was fined $10. He will invest the balance of the $20 piece in works relating to the geography of the Pacific. In summing up the case the judge remarked that the governments of the United States and Great Britain had a little misunderstanding about the geography of that region, but had settled it without half as much bloodshed as this dispute had occasioned.

"I never heard it!"

"Is it malignant?" gasped Miss ...na.

"Why didn't Jason's widow telegraph ...?" shrieked Miss Maurandia.

"...he has had a great deal to occupy ...mind," said Mr. Phipps, smoothly. "...perhaps haven't heard that her ...nd has gone away and left her?"

"...nd took all the money?" gasped the ...oman.

"...is but too probable," said Mr. ...s.

"...eft her?" repeated Miss Lorina.

"...umph! A grass-widow! Didn't I al... say that Clara Clickson wouldn't ...do no good?"

"...u can't expect us to countenance ...," said Miss Maurandia, severely.

"...dies," said Mr. Phipps, "will I ...you the way to Mr. Merrion's resi...?"

"...ainly not," said Mrs. Eben Click-

...for ... P... have ... rama ... sea; ... thing ... once ... som ... try, ... wen ... the ... dine ... a so ... Al ... mode ... her ... ing ... sense ... myst ... blend ... grace ... that

EXCITING BLAZE.

At a 3:15 yesterday afternoon an alarm was sounded from box 15, located at Newmarket theater, and occasioned much excitement, as it was known that a matinee performance was in progress. Thousands hurried in the direction of the theater, and there was the most reckless kind of driving by all classes of vehicles, from ladies' phætons to heavy trucks, toward the corner of First and A streets. Excitement was allayed when it was discovered that only a shed used by White, Goldsmith & Co. for storing empty cases was burning. The dry material, however, burned furiously, and sent up huge volumes of smoke.

Ten minutes work by the department extinguished the blaze. The loss is about $800; not insured.

The fire demonstrated one fact, viz: That a panic is not likely to occur in New Market theater from trivial causes. Yesterday afternoon the auditorium contained about 700 persons, of whom nearly five-sixths were women and children. Shortly after the first tap of the bell, some inconsiderate boys rushed in and shouted "Fire!" Of course all rose to their feet, and many made a rush for the doors. Some one on the stage got the attention of the crowd and assured them that there was no danger. Policeman Brannan hurried up stairs shouting, "The fire is three blocks away." This was carried back and soon all excitement was over. Most of the auditors returned to their seats and the play proceeded. No one was injured.

All the principal wholesale houses of the city closed at 2 P. M. yesterday. A number whose names did not appear in the published list, owing to its not having been presented to them, will sign it as soon as called upon.

POLICE COURT.

J. H. Demerest was arraigned yesterday on a charge of stealing a baby buggy. The second-hand dealer, to whom he sold it, testified that he came to him and said that "his baby was dead and that his wife had a swelled neck and would not look at the buggy any more." Demerest smiled at this statement, but his jaw dropped when the judge sentenced him to twenty-five days in jail.

F. F. McGraw, alias "Billy Goat," an ex-convict, who is well known to the police, was arraigned on charges of assaulting ex-Police Officer Martin and Captain Gritzmacker. It seems that Martin vagged McGraw about four years ago. The latter, meeting Martin on the street yesterday, assaulted and beat him. After he was landed in jail he assaulted Capt. Gritzmacker. He was very fresh when arraigned, and attempted to make a set speech. When questioned by Mr. Mulkey, he said that owing to the disarrangement of his shirt collar his appearance was not calculated to command respect, but if they would allow him to go on and get a clean shirt he would give a display of forensic abilities. He wished to go back some years in his history, but the judge told him that the court did not take cognizance of anything that happened before the stone age. The matter was settled by McGraw going to jail for twenty-five days on each charge.

The parties implicated in disposing of the effects of Albert M. Brown were arraigned. On motion of Mr. Mulkey the case was continued till Monday and bail fixed at $1000.

The regular customers, as well as the transient, will take note that I have an additional cutter, Madame Stoaff, a lady who comes recommended by the leading houses of San Francisco. I am able at present to finish six dresses a day. H. B. LITT.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT.

SATURDAY, May 26.

C. H. Petrain vs. B. Kafka—Motion to dismiss the appeal denied. Cause dismissed on motion of plaintiff.

Floyd vs. Taylor—Verdict for plaintiff of $89.

Simon vs. Wise—Verdict for defendant.

Woodward vs. Baker—Mandate supreme court entered.

BUCKHANNON, W. Va.—Drs. Newlon & Blair report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction.

It having been shown that an ostrich can kick a man over a six-story house, we only have to say that we're sorry we were not present to see it done.

Call at the O. R. & N. Co.'s office now and have your berths reserved for the excursion to Alaska and return.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.
Be wise and take this great spring medicine now.

AMUSEMENTS.

"WHIMS"—To-morrow night, and all next week including Saturday matinee, we are to have the Raymond Holmes Comedy Company in "Whims." Following is the cast of characters:

Prof. Pygmalion Jingle, a dramatic author, ... Raymond Holmes
Major Richard Growl, U. S. army, retired, ... Mr. P. F. Barkus
Anastasia Growl, an æsthetic maiden, ... Miss Elizabeth Andrews
Florence } Major's romantic } .... Miss Ada Wallace
Nellie } daughters, } .... Miss Sophie Longwood
Bettie, stage struck and in love with the professor, ... Miss Carol Cronse
Charles Livingston, a nice young man .... Mr. I. B. Belgrave
Clara, "our cousin who assists" ....Miss Lillie Barton
Clip, body servant to the Major, "who wants to act, you know" .... Mr. Rufus Love

During the play there will be produced:

The Spanish serenade by Nellie, Charles and Florence.

"For goodness sake don't say I told you," by Bettie.

Clip, in specialties.

Pygmalion and Galatea—Florence and Nellie.

"Says I to myself, says I"—Prof. Jingles.

Burlesque scene from Romeo and Juliet, not a bit like Shakespeare—Romeo, Charles; Juliet, Nellie; Capulet, the Major; Nurse, Clip.

The professor's imitations, including Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, John T. Raymond, Stuart Robson, C. W. Couldock, Joseph Jefferson, Frank Mayo and others.

Concluding with the professor's burlesque, in one spasm, The Fairy, or the Valet and the Princess.

THE OREGONIAN'S Astoria correspondent writes under date of yesterday:

The Raymond Holmes comedy company rendered their pleasing, clever, and certainly very novel entertainment to a crowded house last evening. Every seat was full, and I cannot remember to have seen so many of the fair sex in attendance at any performance in this city. Raymond Holmes is a host in himself. Every member of the company performed his or her part in a very creditable manner, seemingly with a determination that so large and appreciative an audience should return perfectly satisfied with the entertainment. They certainly succeeded in their object. Manager Stechhan will have no cause to regret the engagement of this company.

"PERFECTLY AWFUL."

A "Vile" Slander Perpetrated by a Colorado Paper upon a Certain Hotel-Keeper in one of Oregon's Thriving Towns.

Many people of this northwest coast will remember the pretty face of little Effie Ellsler, the Hazel Kirke of the Madison Square theater company, which visited us last year, and will enjoy hearing anything about her, especially when it also concerns this section of the globe. The business manager of this combination was E. M. Roberts, a well-known showman and one of the lights of the Madison Square staff but much addicted to telling stories. Recently he was in Denver Colorado and in close communion with Charles Forsyth Wilson, a kindred spirit and a recognized journalistic wit. He made great efforts to impress his brother Bohemian with the wonders of Oregon and the greatness of her people. The result of this was that the next issue of the Denver *Republican* contained the following, which is an extract from a column of theatrical gossip:

"Speaking of Roberts reminds me of another story that he tells, a story that illustrates the beauties of 'one night stands.' Last year he was managing the Ellsler-Couldock 'Hazel Kirke' Company. In their perambulations up and down the western coast, they struck Independence, Oregon. The sight of the town gave the 'blues' to the company, but the hotel absolutely sickened them. On his return from the hall where the performance was to take place, Mr. Roberts found the ladies assembled in the room which answered for the smoking room, reading room, reception room and office combined. They were holding a council of war. Miss Ellsler presided, Miss Gilman was secretary and Mrs. Davenport tyler. The other ladies occupied standing room about a stand, on which was found a badly abused and weather beaten bowl and pitcher. The ladies had fire in their eyes, and Mr. Roberts smelt danger from afar. The manager developed wonderful intuition. He bravely faced the cabal. What had gone wrong? What was up? Could he remedy the matter? Then he was informed that the house was 'perfectly awful;' that the rooms were 'horrible' and the beds 'vile.' He was plainly told that the sheets were 'filthy' and that the limit of endurance had been reached; the line had to be drawn somewhere, and they meant to draw it at these sheets.

Mr. Roberts attempted to allay the tempest. He made good promises, and proceeded to make an inspection for himself. He found that the ladies had not overdrawn the picture. The sheets were black with filth. He would have a confidential chat with the landlord. "Dirty; not fit; filthy!" shrieked the landlord. "Why, sir, we changed these sheets two weeks ago." Nothing would move the Boniface; he was obdurate, and nothing was left to Mr. Roberts but to go and buy sheets and have them placed upon the beds, which he did.

Mr. Frohman looked a little bewildered when he struck the item of sheets in the expense account, but he passed it."

CHURCH NOTICES.

German Methodist Church, corner North Eighth and D streets—Rev. J. C. Sinclair, pastor. Services Sunday at 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All cordially invited.

Christian Church, East park and Columbia street—Bible reading Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:30. No evening services. All are invited.

Scandinavian M. E. Church, corner Twelfth and D streets—Rev. C. J. Larson, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:45.

Preaching services at the First Baptist church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. H. Acton. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. No service in the evening.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church, B street, between North Ninth and North Tenth streets—P. Carlson pastor. Next Sunday, at 7:30 P.M., services will be held in the Swedish language.

Plymouth Church, corner Fourteenth and E streets—Rev. E. L. Loomis, pastor; residence corner Eighteenth and B streets. Services in the morning at 11 and evening at 7:30. Sunday school at 12:15 A. M.

Scandinavian Baptist Church, corner Caruthers and Sixth streets—Services at 11 A. M. by Rev. G. Liljeroth. Rev. G. Liljeroth will preach in Swedish Sunday and Friday nights in the First American Baptist church at 7:30.

First Congregational Church, Holladay's addition to East Portland, Amos W. Bower, pastor—Regular Sabbath services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Pastor's residence corner Fifth street and Holladay avenue.

First Presbyterian church, corner Washington and Third streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services to-morrow morning and evening. Sunday school at 12:30. Subject for evening, "An address to young men," who are cordially invited.

Hall street M. E. church, corner Sixth and Hall—H. K. Hines, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. Subject "Things we wait for." Sunday school 12:30. Service of song 7:30; preaching at 8. Subject: "Guarded doors." All invited and welcomed.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at Nonpareil hall, corner of First and Madison streets. Two lectures will be given by N. C. Brigler on Sunday at 11 A. M. Subject: "The Bible vs. Tradition." Evening—6:30—"The Bible Our Only Guide." Seats free. No collections.

Taylor Street M. E. Church, Rev. Geo. W. Izer, pastor—Morning discourse at 11. Subject: "Christ Manifest in Christianity. Evening discourse at 7:30—a national discourse before the G. A. R. Subject: "God Among the Nations." Praise meeting at 6:30 P. M. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

Unitarian Church, corner Seventh and Yamhill streets—T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 p. M. Theme of the evening sermon, "Our Duty toward Doubt and Unbelief." At the mission chapel, South Portland, at the Sunday school hour (3 P M.), there will be a service of baptism for children, Rev. Mr. Eliot officiating.

First Congregational Church—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Dr. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject, "The Soldiers' Graves"—a sermon for Decoration Day. Evening subject, "Men Banished in this Life through the Power of Evil Habits." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7 P. M.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Eleventh and Main streets—Rev. E. T. Lee, pastor; residence, Ninth and Columbia streets. Services for the coming Sabbath are as follows: Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. by the pastor. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. All pews free and congregational singing. A special effort is made to welcome strangers and visitors. You are cordially invited to attend.

The church of Sea and Land, corner Third and D streets; Chaplain Stubbs, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 for one hour preaching at 7:30 P. M. by the chaplain.

Monday—Meeting of Bethe Home Lodge, I. O. G. T., of the world; Tuesday and Thursday bible reading and prayer meetings; Friday, meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, all these meetings begin at 8 P. M.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

There has been a change in the management of the New York Tea Company, at 2-3 First street. Wallace Bros. retiring, and are succeeded by Wheeler & Co., who are old and reliable tea men. They propose to carry on the business in a first-class manner. While retaining the present prices, they intend to raise the grade of teas, and more especially the quality of their coffees. They also propose giving their customers a chance to test any tea they may wish to purchase by drawing them at the store. All they ask is a fair trial.

Mr. Talmage advises his hearers to "look out for the boy who takes nine-tenths of an apple for himself and gives only one-tenth to his playmate." Shan't look out for him. We're looking out for the opposite kind of a boy.

In July Eastern tourists will take advantage of the low rates to Alaska and return. It will crowd the O. R. & N. Co. to the utmost and to accommodate them. Therefore, go in June, the finest month in the year.

F. M. Jackson, the Jeweler, 71 First street, buys for cash; sells for cash, pays low rent, and thus has great advantage over other dealers, which he gives to customers in low prices.

Take Oregon Blood Purifier.

MADGE'S LETTER.

"And little Dorothy is dead," said grandma, laying down the letter by hand, and she took off her spectacles and softly wiped the tears from her kind old eyes. "Poor little Dorothy! I remember her a slip of a girl, no taller than you, Bess, and not half so big, with a figure that was always swaying and bending, like the young willows yonder, and great eyes with sometimes a laugh and sometimes a frightened look in them, just according as you spoke to her, and lots of shining, wavy hair. "She was a wild young thing, too, Dorothy, not setting much by books, but off away over the hills after some bit of a pink flower, or down by the brook in the woods the day through.

She used to fret her aunt dreadfully with her careless ways, but the old man would say, "Never mind the books, Sarah, give the child her way. She's like her mother, God bless her!" and then Miss Field would just shut her lips tight together and never say anything more, for everybody knows how Dorothy's mother was the old man's darling and a great beauty besides, and how she came home from school to be bridesmaid to her sister, and her lovely face and childish ways so charmed Sarah's lover that the night before the wedding they ran away together and nobody even heard of them till a year or more after, when Dorothy's mother—her name was Dorothy, too—came back to the old farm to die, and brought her little baby with her. Her husband was dead, she said, but she would never tell them anything more, and they never knew where she had passed that year or if he had been cruel to her; but she was so white and weak, and all her saucy ways gone from her, that Sarah kissed her and forgave her, and when she died, took the little baby Dorothy and cared for her always—loved her, too, I believe, in her cold, undemonstrative way.

We've always lived right alongside the Fields', and I always kept my garden trim myself, and Dorothy was fond of posies and that was the way, I think, she got to coming in so often and saying first a bit about the flowers and then, after a while, about herself.

She was shy with most folks, and I grew to be rather proud of her taking such a fancy to me, and I loved the bright, pretty young thing fondly.

Well, as I say, she never set much by books, nor housekeeping either, and so we were all kind of surprised when we found it was David that wanted her. David was so steady and quiet and had been away to school and learned to be a lawyer, and everybody said he was a fine young man, though I can't say as I ever took to him so much as to some; anyhow he was raised splendid, for his mother, Mrs. Dodge, was just the most particular woman. David was very tall and straight and dressed very careful and kept his hair as smooth as glass. Dorothy didn't say much to me about David, but Miss Field bragged a little about the match and was kinder to Dorothy after she said she'd take him, and the old man petted her and called her 'his lamb,' and the girl herself just blushed and looked happy and was shyer than ever.

They were married in church in the morning. The old man wanted them married at home, right under the arch by the windows, he said, and he never noticed how white Miss Field got, nor seemed to remember what I did; how, years ago, they had dressed the arch for Sarah's wedding and on the marriage morning torn down the wreaths and flowers, which spoke of treachery and broken hearts. And so I was glad that Mrs. Dodge insisted upon the church wedding, though I don't believe much in what she said about church weddings being 'more respectable.'

Dorothy wore a white muslin gown, and in the broad white ribbons at her belt she had fastened a great bunch of anemones—wind flowers she used to call them—and she had gone to gather them on the hills herself as soon as the sun was up. She looked as fair as one of them, and almost as white, as she came down the aisle leaning on her tall husband's arm, but when we had all gone back to the farm to the breakfast the color came to her cheeks again, and I heard David whisper to her in the hall that she looked like a little wild rose. Somehow I felt happier after I heard him say that, for David was very practical and quiet, and Dorothy was used to so much petting from the old man and always shrank so from Miss Field's hard ways, that I had been kind of troubled in my mind about her going to David. But my heart sank again when Miss Field told me in a satisfied way that Mrs. Dodge thought a heap of Dorothy and had been talking of having the young people live with her when they came back from the wedding journey. I said then, almost before I thought about its being no concern of mine, that I believed young people were better to begin by themselves, and Miss Field said in her sharp way that any young woman would be the better for the example of such a splendid manager as Mrs. Dodge, especially one as ignorant and flighty as Dorothy. And just then poor, ignorant, flighty Dorothy, looking like a sparrow in her modest little brown traveling dress came to put her arms around my neck and say, with a little choke in her voice, "Good-by, Grandma!" "For," said Grandma, with a little choke in her own voice, "she always called me Grandma, just as you do, my dears."

It rained and poured all the week Dorothy was gone, and the day they were looked for home I was called to your mother, Bess, who was very low, and Robin a wee bit of a newborn baby. And so it happened that Dorothy had been home all of three weeks before I got back. Miss Field knew I was coming, and when I went into the sitting room she was there, and Dorothy was there, and they had the tea things on, and Dorothy, after she had kissed me without even saying a word, crouched down and watched the kettle swinging on the crane. Miss Field said: "No, I can't stay to tea. Father's sick and there's only me to see to things, now Dorothy's gone." And when she went away I just put out my arms to Dorothy for there was something in her face that hurt me to see, and her eyes had the scared, hunted look which always meant trouble of some sort to Dorothy. She came to me with a little cry, and she laid her head down and clung to me, but she never told me anything then nor afterward. She stayed all the evening with me, and I might have thought it strange of her, a bride, to be away from her home at that time, if she hadn't said after a little that David had told her to come. "He studies every evening," she said, and then she got as red as fire as she went on; "his mother sits with him and helps him sometimes with doing writing and sorting papers. She always has done it, she says, since David first came home from the school; and David loves to have her, and there doesn't ever seem to be anything for me to do," said poor Dorothy.

"David will be a great lawyer some day," I said as cheery as I could, but Dorothy only smiled in a sad little way, and pretty soon she said she must go because Mrs. Dodge always wanted the house locked at 10 o'clock, and after she had tied on her pretty rose-colored hood—she was always fond of bright colors—I talked to her about you, Bess, and the little baby I had just left, and she brightened up and laughed some, and then, before I thought, my foolish old tongue had said 'I suppose David will walk over for you!' And the laugh and the color all died away, and she said in a quiet way that was new in Dorothy, "David was coming, but his mother said nothing would happen me; she guessed that David was tired and I had best run over early by myself."

"I'll walk to the lane with you, my dear," I answered her quickly, "of course nothing could happen you, but it's a bit lonely;" but she wouldn't let me and 'anyway she must just run in and kiss the old man good-night, it would please him,' she said, for she was thoughtful for the people she loved, with all her careless ways. I stood by the sitting-room window, though when I heard her call good-night to Miss Field, and I watched there until across the field I saw the light in Mrs. Dodge's front window go away for a minute and then shine out at the door and then I knew Dorothy was at home. I sat by my fire until it was ashes, and I thought about it all over and over again, knowing at the end, just as I had at the first, that nothing I could say or do would make little Dorothy the happier. For whatever it is that holds man and wife together, it's so fine as not to be seen and so tender that however tangled it may be the touch to set it right destroys it.

I never liked Mrs. Dodge much, but Dorothy lived there and used to beg me to come over, and after that I went often with my knitting in my hand to sit till tea time. When Mrs. Dodge was there she did most of the talking right over Dorothy's head, as if she were a little child, and Dorothy used to sit on a stool by the window, and her knitting—Mrs. Dodge was teaching her to knit—would fall in her lap and she would look way out over the hills, sometimes with a wistful look in her eyes, as if she wanted to fly there. And one day I said to her, "Dorothy, you don't run over the hills now as much. Have the pink flowers stopped blooming?" And the child looked at me a few minutes with a quiver on her lips, and then she said, right after me, "That is it, the pink flowers have stopped blooming." I never thought Dorothy was bitter, but there was something in the way she answered me that sounded almost bitter, and Mrs. Dodge noticed it, too, for she looked up at Dorothy kind of surprised and then she gave a little, harsh laugh and said, "You'd better tell grandma about the pink flowers you gathered for David," and Dorothy she flushed up with one of her old flashes of spirit that Miss Field used to see sometimes, and she said: "I'd just as lief tell grandma. It was the day after we come home and I had mixed some biscuit for breakfast and put them in the oven, and it wasn't more than 6 o'clock, and the sun was shining on the hills, and they looked so cool and sweet, and I thought there was just time to run to the top, where the pink flowers grow, and I went without my sunbonnet to gather them for David and I brought a great bunch of them and laid them at his place just as he was coming in, and then before I could speak Mrs. Dodge brought in the plate of biscuit burnt quite black and David saw it all in a minute and I was ready to cry and David took my hand and thanked me for 'the impulse' he called it and then he tried to show me how much better it would have been to have staid by my duty. 'for everything,' David said, 'that we set ourselves to perform becomes a duty.' I threw the pink flowers in the hot stove and I watched the fire eat away all their beautiful fresh young lives," and Dorothy's sweet voice grew sharp and her little hands were shaking as she stood up and turned toward Mrs. Dodge "and I know how they suffered and I knew then it was a sin to have taken them away from the great free hills to bring them to this cruel house where there is no thought or care for beautiful, tender things, where everything is work and duty and——," Dorothy stopped all of a sudden and for a moment I thought she was going to fall, then she straightened herself and clasped her hands in front of her in a defiant way, and then I saw that David was standing in at the door and he must have heard a good deal of what she'd said.

Mrs. Dodge smiled a hateful sort of smile and I couldn't make out David's expression. He looked at first a little sorry for Dorothy and when he saw his mother's face, his own seemed to get cold and hateful too and Dorothy couldn't stay hard very long and she cried out "I didn't mean it for you David," and he took a little step forward and then stopped when his mother said, "You meant it all for me then, did you?" and so David turned to me and said very pointed, "Shall I see you home, Mrs. Low?" and I answered him just as stiff, 'I am obliged to you, David, but I think your place now is beside your wife.' And I took Dorothy in my arms and kissed her. Mrs. Dodge never forgave me that. When I went away. Next day Dorothy came over to the farm and she waved her little hand to me as she went by the fence, and I wondered that she didn't stop. I never thought they'd forbid her, but they had, and neither Mrs. Dodge nor David noticed me at meeting or any place where we'd happen to be together any more than if I hadn't been there. Dorothy always spoke in her own loving way. "They couldn't prevent that," she said, but David was her husband and she was bound to obey him about the visiting. I think it troubled Miss Field pretty considerable, for her folks and ours had always been neighbors and friends, and one day she spoke to me and then she asked me if I didn't think Dorothy looked "a little peaked;" and I spoke my mind about it for once, and I told Sarah that Dorothy was no more like her or me nor the Dodges than the pretty white wind flowers are like the hardy roses in the kitchen garden. "It may be the same sun and the same air that nourishes them," said I, "but it's dealt to them in a different way. Dorothy can't live without petting and snuggling any more than you could without meat and drink, and it's my opinion that she's starving now for the want of that food."

Then Miss Field looked up a minute, and she said: "David's going away. He wanted to take Dorothy, and I think she'd be glad to go, only lately she hasn't said much what she'd like, and leaves it to David and Mrs. Dodge; and Mrs. Dodge thought as long as Dorothy isn't very well and David won't be gone long that she'd only hamper him, and so the child's going to be left. Dorothy and I never were very sociable together, but I've been thinking she might be happier at the farm than all alone with Mrs. Dodge."

Well, there was a good deal of objecting, but they finally let her go to the farm; and after a week or two I heard Dorothy's voice singing in the garden, and the old sweet laugh would come to my ears sometimes as I sat in the sitting room window. We used to talk over the fence, and I went in to see her, but she never passed my gate, for Dorothy didn't know what deceiving meant, and she wouldn't come then any more than if David stood beside her to see. The old man was very feeble and childish, and and he used to forget that Dorothy was married; and he even used to think sometimes that Dorothy was his own daughter—the mother that Dorothy had never known—and he'd talk to her for hours, and fret if she was away from his sight. It was the night before David came home that Miss Field called me and said that Dorothy was sick, and when I dressed and went in she was lying, white and still, and her little dead baby beside her. They had called Mrs. Dodge, and in her grief about David's child, she forgot the old spite and talked to us of her sorrow and disappointment and of what David would feel, all with the poor child lying there, to hear and believe that she was blamed because the baby didn't live. David was quiet enough when he came back, and Dorothy was sick a long while and could not be taken from the farm, and she fretted so after me that they let me stay by her. She used to start up sometimes from her sleep and cry, "David, did you forget to kiss me good-by?" or "It was nothing, David. I am sorry I disturbed you. I will go away again." And then she would sob and say a hundred other things, that showed me how her good little heart had been aching for not only the love but the constant showing of it, which is all that can satisfy a nature like her's. And when she was well enough to go home, it was just about the time your mother died, Bess, and I came here to keep your father's house. Dorothy wrote me one little letter to say that they were going to live in the city. David was going to be very rich; they thought he had some estates to settle, and they had taken a large house, and Mrs. Dodge was going with them. Miss Field wrote me, too, and said she was anxious about Dorothy's going—that the doctors thought she needed plenty of air and sunshine; but Mrs. Dodge said change was good for anybody, and Dorothy needed livening up; besides, she intended taking all the charge of the house from off Dorothy's shoulders.

I felt bad when I read those letters and I wished so I could see Dorothy for just a little while, and I'd have gone down I think for that if it hadn't been just the time Robin's cough was so bad, and now this note has come from David to tell me Dorothy is dead, and she had written me a letter that he promised her to send, and he says nothing about himself except that at some day he will come to see me, because little Dorothy loved me so, and because I was kind to her. There, there! the tears will come! I dare say David meant to be kind, but he didn't understand, and because his mother's love was all for him he didn't see the selfishness of it. And in my Dorothy's letter there is no complaint, as there was none in her gentle little life, only she says once, "and the sun never shines down on my big house, grandma, as it does on the hills at home." Not a very romantic story, Bess, dear, nor a very unusual one—tears in it, perhaps, as there are in the story of every life, and a little more pitiful here, because the touch of a gentle hand might have dried them, and but for the want of a loving word they might never have fallen.

MADGE.

FUNNY THINGS.

"No, sir," said the editor, "he won't prove ungrateful for the puff I gave him. He knows he'll want another."

The latest note of Victor Hugo is that he goes out unaccompanied every evening. How long he stays so is not stated.

When a Chicago man does get religion he gets it powerful and takes off his coat and boots and spits on his hands when he sails in to pray.

"Why our Fish Disappear," is the title of an article in the *American Angler* which will attract the attention of owners of private ponds.

A man sitting in the back room of a saloon playing euchre breathes about eighteen times a minute. A female voice suddenly falls upon his ear and his respiration jumps to forty-nine quicker'n scat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WOODBERRY, Md.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family, and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

In August two hundred and fifty Knights Templar will make the excursion trip to Alaska and return.

THE EAST SIDE.

THE SANDY ROAD MELEE.

The case against Frank Wilson for assault and battery on Tom Huntington, which was set for hearing in Justice Bullock's court yesterday afternoon, was called according to appointment, but had to be postponed through the injuries of the prosecuting witness preventing his presence. The time for hearing was changed to Tuesday next. This was the case growing out of the altercation on the Sandy road, and Mrs. Huntington, who was with her husband at the time, has now made complaint against Supervisor Simmons for assault and battery upon her.

G. A. R.

Members of Sumner Post No. 12 of the Grand Army of the Republic are requested to meet at their Post rooms Sunday evening, May 27, at 7 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of attending religious worship in a body at the Odd Fellows' hall. Rev. D. O. Ghormley will preach the sermon. By order of D. D. Neer, Post commander.

NOTES.

Al. Irvin returned yesterday from his trip to Oak Point.

Phalanx Lodge, K. of P., is now in good "working order," having received a complete set of paraphernalia.

The missing horse of Dr. Rafferty has been tracked to Oregon City or thereabouts and the city marshal and sheriff notified.

The Lily gardens opened last evening with a grand flourish. It promises to be a popular place of resort the coming season.

Members of the Ladies' Relief Society are requested to meet at the residence of Mrs. Ghormley, Eleventh street, between F and G, next Tuesday afternoon.

A new rule went into effect at the offices of the O. & C. Company Saturday, whereby the employes quit work at 1:30 o'clock. It will continue in force every Saturday till September next.

An entertainment will be given at Heppach's hall Monday evening, under the auspices of the Congregational church of Holladay's addition, in which the talented reader, Miss A. B. Luse, will take part.

An apparition was seen in the drug store of Logan & Irvin the other night. Some aver it was the ghost of a Bullock, while others are unable to tell what it was. The exhibition formed an enjoyable afterpart to the sociable at the Lily gardens.

The Fifth street bridge was completed from L to J street yesterday, except the laying of a few planks, and bents were erected for that portion between I and J. Camps Nos. 2 and 4, P. O. S. & A., have decided to give an entertainment and ball at Heppach's hall Tuesday evening next. An attractive programme has been arranged.

A dispute occurred on the corner of Fourth and J streets yesterday, between a farmer and a young man, concerning the disposition of the farmer's daughter, who accompanied them. The girl favored going with the young man, but the old one finally carried his point and took the girl. The young man took the first ferry to Portland.

A veritable Rip Van Winkle, in appearance at least, passed through the city yesterday and was the cynosure of all. He dropped in at the store of Hall & Stott and bought a door and sash, put them on his head and started off, saying he was going to Albina. His long white locks attracted the attention of Dav. Rafferty, and he stopped to explain how he had "growed his hair" by means of a private recipe, which he offered to sell for $200. Dav. not being in the buy, he resumed his load and his journey.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. T. L. Sails pastor—Services at the usual hours. All are made welcome.

St. David's Episcopal, Rev. J. W. Sellwood, rector—Services in the morning at 11, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.

United Brethren—Rev. J. B. Watson pastor, meets at Ross' hall on Fourth street. Sabbath school at 10 A. M.; preaching at 11 and in the evening at 7:30.

Baptist Church, corner G and Seventh streets, Rev. G. J. Burchett pastor—Subject for 11 A. M., "A Piper Without a Danger;" 7:30 P. M., "The Wings of the Church." All are invited.

First Congregational church, Holladay's addition to East Portland, Amos W. Bower, pastor—Regular Sabbath services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Pastor's residence, corner Fifth, three and Holladay avenue.

First Presbyterian Church, Odd Fellows' hall, corner of J and Tenth streets—Rev. O. O. Ghormley, pastor. Morning discourse at 11. Evening services at 7:30. Discourse before the G. A. R. Sabbath school at 12:30. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

FUN IN COURT.

A Georgia Witness Proving that He was a Son of Freedom.

The present Judge Hutchins of the superior court of the northeastern judicial circuit of this state is the son of Nathaniel Hutchins, so well known by many of the older citizens of Elbert as one of the sleverest men and ablest jurists in Georgia. He was the predecessor of his son on the same bench, now occupied by Colonel Hutchings of Gwinnett, and was popularly known all through the upper portion of the state. During the progress of the superior court at Carnesville last week the amusing incident occurred, which was related to a *New South* scribe by Senator Phil Davis: Colonel Thurmond, of Athens, an attorney, had an instrument of writing in court, the validity of which needed to be proven and which could only be done by the owner of the signature found thereon swearing to the same. The witness was called and an old gray-haired man, who had lived over his three score and ten, took the stand and Colonel Thurmond handed him the paper and asked:

"Is that your signature, sir?"

The old gentleman looked at the paper closely and said:

"Wal'al, I'll tell yer. Ize gitting old, and my eyesight are not so good as it wunst was, but if somebody will loan me a pair of specks, praps I kin cipher it out."

A pair of glasses were furnished him, and he scrutinizingly gazed at the document again.

"Well?" said the lawyer.

The witness continued to peer at the paper.

"Very well," Colonel Thurmond said again, waiting for the witness to decide.

"Wa'al," said the old man, "that ar is my fist."

"You can come down, sir," said the lawyer.

But instead of "coming down," the old man turned his eyes on the court, and after gazing at him for some time he said:

"Judge, is you old man Nath Hutchin's boy?"

"He was my father," answered the court.

"Wa'al, give me yer hand, Judge, kase I loved yer daddy, and I is awful glad to see his boy followin' in his footmarks."

The court gave the old man his hand, and after shaking it heartily, the witness stepped from the stand and started out of the court room. When he had gotten out of the bar and was about midway the hall, he turned abruptly about and said in rather a loud tone of voice

"Here—here's them ar specks, if any of you'ns wants 'em."

The court room was in an uproar of laughter, but the old man never smiled, as he returned the glasses and left the room.—*Elbert. Cor. New South.*

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The Oregon sailed at midnight with the following passengers:

Samuel Louisson	Miss Maria Dowling
M Ehrlich	Dr Scheel
Dr J G Bowen	A R Mintforth
J Hardy	L Croner
A H Mallory	G F Scoog
E W Sells	L D Boise
R Mays & wf	W R Kenyon
Miss French	P D Karney
Miss Mays	J A Hanson
Mrs Donnie	F R Young
Dr Logan & wf	J Brooks
J D Harris & wf	W H Braunsfeld
Mrs Mary O E West	J McPhelan
R W Thompson	Allen A Curtis
William J Beezley & wf	Paul Rolfish
O Reily	C W Hollis
Thomas McKenzie	A Weinberg
A Oberderfer	Godfrey Brown
J Gleason	W A Burgess
E Quackenbush, wf & son	J B Giles & wf
E Quackenbush, Jr	Miss Mary Williams
Mrs Patcher	A D Fish
Mrs J F Smith	Mrs William C Glenn
Miss M E Gilbert	J H Hunter
William Leech	W F Gardner
E Hoffman	E Brooks

And 80 in steerage.

Salvini is reported to have made between $60,000 and $90,000 in his recent tour in this country. Perhaps the distinguished actor could earn that much in Europe for declaiming Italian, but it's very doubtful.—*Lowell Citizen.*

$95 will cover your entire expenses to Alaska and return.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Mrs Mary Clemmer is preparing a monograph on Lucretia Mott.

Florence Marryatt is out with a new novel with the title, "A Moment of Madness."

Sir Thomas Brassey's important book on "Work and Wages" will be published in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The new edition of Ward's "English Poets" will contain a number of new selections from Rossetti's poems, and an introduction by W. H. Pater.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, who is known about equally well as a journalist and as a novelist, has just published in England a new story entitled "A Modern Ulysses."

Mrs. Oliphant is the author of still another new novel called "The Ladies Lindores." It will be republished by Harper & Brothers, who also announce "A Sea Queen," by W. Clarke Russell.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose rather bright society novels, "A Hopeless Case" and "A Gentleman of Leisure," found many admiring readers, has written a new story entitled "An Ambitious Woman." Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are Mr. Fawcett's publishers.

The fine library [illegible] the late George P. Marsh has just [illegible]ted to the University of Vermont by [illegible] Frederick Billings, who bought it for the [illegible], of which he is a graduate. A gift of $75,000 is at the same time presented by the donor for a library building.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are to publish a fine new edition of Sheridan's Dramatic Works in three volumes. The edition will be limited to 350 copies, all printed on large Holland paper. The plates are new and the press-work is to be done by Mr. T. L. De Vinne, an expert in fine printing. Richard Grant White furnishes an introduction.

A very good American edition of Burton's "Book Hunter" has been brought out by Mr. R. Worthington. It contains a good portrait of the author and a view of the interior of his library. The fine English edition of the "Book Hunter," recently published, has, like its predecessors, become exceedingly rare, and sells for about double its original price.

Messrs. Hougton, Mifflin & Co. make some interesting announcements in connection with their plans for the American Men of Letters Series; Mr. J. B. McMasters, whose "History of the People of the United States" has [illegible] for him widespread fame, will write a life of Franklin; Mr. J. R. G. Hassard will write of his colleague, Bayard Taylor; Mr. Higginson furnishes a biography of Margaret Fuller, and Poe is treated of by Mr. George E. Woodberry.

"A Walk in Hellas," by Denton J. Snider, is announced by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. The volume gives an account of a tour [illegible] on foot through the cities, villages and rural districts of the Kingdom of Greece a few years ago. The author is an enthusiastic classic scholar, and it is said has produced an interesting and valuable work. The first chapters of the book were originally read before the Summer School of Philosophy and favorably received. Mr. Cross's biography of his wife, in the press of the same publishers, is entitled "The Life and Works of George Eliot." The novel, "Through One Administration," which is just ready, has been reduced in about two-thirds of its original length.

Hardly a month passes but gives birth to a new English magazine. The latest important contribution to this class of literature is *Merry England*, issued in this country by the International News Company. The first number, which has just been published, augurs well for the future. It is neatly made and well edited. From the editorial announcement we are given to understand that the design of the magazine is to restore merriment to England by elevating and comforting the laboring classes. There is an [illegible] portrait of Lord Beaconsfield and [illegible] it by George Saintsbury, on "The Young England Party." Mr. [illegible], the publisher, writes of the "Readers of George Eliot and Thomas Hardy," which makes a very [illegible] article, and Mr. Alan S. Cole has a "Plea for Health Guilds." On the whole, *Merry England* is a welcome addition to the list of our monthly visitors.

Among the new books announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the following: "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," by Andrew Carnegie, a lively account of the author's drive with a party of friends [illegible] of Mr. Black's [illegible] "Adventures of a Phaeton," [illegible] from Brighton to Inverness, a distance of more than [illegible] miles; "The Gospel of Secular Life," a volume of sermons protesting against the tendency to [illegible] and the withdrawal of the church from the [illegible] and interests of secular life, preached by the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, rector of St. Mary's church, London; a new work by Dr. John H. McIlvaine entitled "The Wisdom of Holy Scripture;" "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James," by General A. A. Humphreys, U.S.A., which forms the concluding volume of the excellent series, "Campaigns of the Civil War," and a supplementary volume of "[illegible] Records of the Armies of the Civil War," compiled by Colonel Frederick Phisterer.

The current number of the *Literary World* gives a [illegible] biography of Mr. A. S. Hardy, the writer of the novel, "But Yet a Woman," recently [illegible] in these columns. Mr. Hardy, we learn, is a little more than [illegible] years old; he graduated at Phillips Academy in [illegible]. The civil war aroused his patriotism, and he sought the field, but in view of his [illegible] and of the fact that his two older brothers were already in the army, he was restrained from active service and entered West Point as a cadet, graduating in 1869. After several months spent as an instructor at West Point and something more than a year in active service in the army, he was called to Iowa college as professor of civil engineering and higher mathematics. A few years later he became the professor of mathematics at Dartmouth college, a position which he still holds. This novel is Mr. Hardy's first essay in fiction, which makes it the more a remarkable literary performance. A year or two ago he published a volume on the "Elements of Quarternions," which has assumed a high place in mathematical literature, and in 1878 printed a poem, "Francesca of Rimini." The book was published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., but failed to receive any lasting attention.

MOST TRAGIC OF TRAGEDIES.

A Dreadful Scene Enacted in a Bridal Chamber in South America.

A horrible affair took place recently at Rio Grande del Sur, near to the Uruguayan frontier. A young farmer was bitten by a mad dog and remedies were immediately applied to the wound. Cauterization was resorted to, and there was every reason to believe that the virus had not entered the victim's system. When the accident occurred the young man was about to marry, but in consequence of the untoward occurrence the ceremony was postponed for three months, when the medical men who were consulted on the case gave it as their unanimous opinion that there was not the slightest ground for apprehending any danger from the bite. The marriage took place on the farm and was celebrated with customary festivities. After the nuptial supper was over the bridegroom appeared to be seized with a fit of melancholy. One of love's caprices, said somebody. After supper came the ball, and when this was at its hight the newly-wedded couple withdrew from the festive scene and retired to their apartment.

About an hour afterward the house resounded with ferocious cries intermingled with shrieks and groans. As soon as the guests had recovered from stupefaction, they started in the direction of the cries. They proceeded from the nuptial chamber. The door was burst open and a horrible spectacle presented itself. On the floor lay the young bride in a pool of blood. She still breathed, but her body was torn and bitten as if she had been seized by a tiger. In a corner of the room was the bridegroom, covered with blood and foaming at the mouth, scratching, biting and tearing away at the wall and furniture. With a sudden bound he sprang like a tiger upon the invaders of his lair, and he would have made one or more victims, had not a brother of the dying bride sent a bullet crashing through the madman's brain.

A Nevada Indian has just been awarded $15,000 damages from the Southern Pacific railroad for the loss of his right hand. The testimony proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that such a loss was worth $15,000, as it was utterly impossible for an Indian to manage a scalping knife properly with his left hand.

Mr. John B. Haskin, the "Tuscarora Chief" of Tammany hall, remarked to a friend: "Rev. Heber Newton and Gen. Newton are engaged in the same business." "How so?" asked the friend. "They are both engaged in removing obstructions from Hell Gate!" was the reply.

A Philadelphia girl says that the race of young men with noble principles, superior intelligence and personal graces seems to be dying out, but she is mistaken. Though it's only natural that it should seem so to a Philadelphia girl.

...ately with subvention, will receive $6500 per kilometre constructed. The forfeiture clause is modified in the interest of the railroad company.

[illegible] Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

Martin Shelton and Wm. Webster were scuffling at Steilacoom, when Shelton fell, breaking both bones of his right leg above the ankle.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

HAYNESVILLE, Ohio, February 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I took only two bottles, and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.
C. B. MERCER, M. D.

"Many a sickly woman, whose sad experience had demonstrated alike the failure of conceited doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new lease of life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Compound, and has gone on her way rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass.

...mouth and made his teeth bleed, and then he gave him a blow under in both eyes, and he pulled off the boxing-gloves and grabbed a chair as though there was a panic. I haven't seen him since.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure [illegible]

...about this instrument. Years of use have tested it, and thousands of cures are certified [illegible]

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"THE [illegible]

V [illegible] left [illegible]
[illegible] were wa[illegible]
[illegible] he heard the w[illegible] say

Time [illegible] was very short [illegible]
And the far[illegible] and [illegible]
No hand that waiting light [illegible]

Then [illegible] thing [illegible]
[illegible] a went was [illegible]
Love [illegible] and true

One w[illegible] I [illegible] saw it rose
That last year [illegible] it went
Calm in solemn sympathies

Over the red rose bed she bent
The rose that he loved the best
[illegible] their charm of [illegible] scent

She chose the fairest from the rest
[illegible] it very tender[illegible]
Laid it on the sick man's breast

The left hand hung listless
The voice will never speak again
But the [illegible] the grateful eyes

And [illegible] was not in vain
[illegible] satisfied
Was he [illegible] gain

Baffled [illegible] human pride
Thoughts of sweet but hopeful years
Bier [illegible] power that struggling [illegible]

Mocking doubts and lurking fears
In the laboring bosom woke
And the sudden rush of tears

As tho [illegible] spoke,
Drowning all the paling face
In a passionate torrent broke

There was silence in the place
Quiet lay the unconscious flower
And God took him to His Grace
Our God who reads the dying hour
—All the Year Round

THE TWO PONIARDS.

Some time previous to the Franco-Prussian war the Avenue Villiers Paris, was growing up amid the waste lands of the old field of Monceau This thoroughfare which was the home of some of the most noted of the demi monde was on the night of January 5 1870 the theater of one of the most startling tragedies that the journals of the French capital ever recorded Situated at the corner of the Avenue Villiers and Rue Cardinet was a magnificent hotel built for a wealthy Englishman and given up by him when he was summoned to the East Indies on matters appertaining to government duties

About the 11th of December previous there came to Paris a Russian of fabulous wealth He accompanied by his bewitching wife occupied the hotel that the Englishman had abandoned having had it fitted up in truly royal magnificence

To the neighbors in the immediate vicinity the couple seemed to be on the best of terms and to live together like two turtle-doves although apparently exactly opposite in nature and temperament He from the eternal and desolate winter of Russia, while she fully thirty years his junior was from the sunny and balmy clime of Italy

The Russian gentleman was very eccentric and mysterious in his manners and movements Some said he was a spy from the Russian government. His wife was never seen in public with him except on one or two first nights at the theater

However things went on smoothly with M Ivan Verefkin and madame until the fatal night of January 5

At about 12 o'clock on the above-mentioned night as the gendarme was patrolling that section of the city, when about 300 feet from the residence of M. Verefkin, he noticed a black object lying on the sidewalk As he drew nearer he saw that the object was the form of a man lying on his face. As he was about to turn the form over in order to obtain a glimpse of the unfortunate victim's face, he started back with a suppressed cry Still embedded in the man's back was a glistening poniard From the wound a few drops of blood trickled

The richness of the unfortunate man's attire inspired the rough officer with considerable respect.

"This is the work of some cowardly assassin," he muttered, as he turned the body and looked at the face. The nose was slightly bruised, as the victim must have fallen on his face on the hard pavement.

Procuring assistance, the unfortunate man was carried to the prefecture, and there an investigation was made. Nothing could at first be learned either to establish the identity of the man or to obtain a clew to the perpetrators of the crime As the commissary was unable to proceed further unaided, he sent for Vilmont, one of his most trusted detectives. It was not long ere that sleepless individual put in an appearance As he entered the apartment where the commissary and his clerk were discussing with serious faces the details of the murder, he had the appearance of a man who had casually dropped in to say 'Good morning," and then discuss the probabilities of the weather.

"Monsieur le Commissaire has sent for me," he said

"Yes Vilmont. A crime has been committed, and we are all at sea, both as to who the unfortunate man is, and, naturally, who are the guilty parties"

"Ah! we'll see" answered Vilmont, as he approached the body Then, with a slight start, he exclaimed

"As I live, it is Monsieur Verefkin!"

Vilmont, stroking his beardless chin, muttered "Can it be as I thought? Monsieur was indeed then a spy, and has thus been disposed of Well, it is perhaps as well." Then aloud to the commissary "Monsieur, this is the body of Monsieur Ivan Verefkin, a wealthy Russian gentleman who lived in the Avenue Villiers, at the corner of the Rue Cardinet. What a blow this will be to madame, his wife!"

"Vilmont," said the commissary, "perhaps you had better go up and fetch madame, that we may lose no time hunting up the criminals.'

Looking at his watch, he continued

"It is now 5 o'clock. It is, perhaps an unseemly hour to arouse the lady, but she no doubt will be up, nervous about her husband's welfare'

Vilmont departed, and, taking a fiacre arrived at the mansion A light was still burning in the vestibule, and the apartments on the floor above were ablaze with light. Vilmont rang and the door was almost immediately opened by a somber-looking porter. Before the detective had time to ask for madame a rustling of a dress was heard, and Mme Verefkin appeared and in great excitement asked

Oh, monsieur do you come from monsieur my husband? He is safe? Nothing has befallen him? Speak—speak! I pray you!

Greatly moved at the anxiety of the lady Vilmont could hardly speak Then with considerable effort he said

Madame, I do not bring good news Your husband has met with a great misfortune He is—he is—dead—murdered!'

Dead! she echoed catching at the balustrade for support Oh who has killed my darling?"

The keen eye of Vilmont noticed that, although madame appeared greatly shocked she did not weep No tear bedimmed her bright eye

Will madame accompany me to monsieur le commissary? Justice demands that madame should assist us in our endeavor to unearth the villain who has so cowardly taken off Monsieur Verefkin said Vilmont

She started and then calming herself said to her maid

Blanche, bring my coat and bonnet and we will go with monsieur

The three entered the fiacre and were driven to the prefecture As they neared the place madame's grief and agitation increased Alighting they entered The commissary met them at the door Ere he had time to express his sorrow for madame's great bereavement she rushed past him and threw herself upon the lifeless body of him who had been her husband Her piteous moans drew from the eyes of these men who were accustomed to such scenes a tear of pity

As the commissary gently took her from the body and led her to the chair Vilmont again noticed that despite her great grief no tear had fallen from her eyes

Strange,' he muttered but some people cannot shed tears'

When Mme Verefkin became sufficiently calmed the commissary asked

Madame do you suspect any one of this terrible crime?

No monsieur'—she answered my husband had no enemies that I know of He was too good too kind'

As the magistrate asked the question he picked up the poniard with which Monsieur Verefkin had been killed The maid who had been moving about the chair saw the knife and in a shrill voice exclaimed My God! that is madame's dagger!' For a moment it seemed as though the woman would faint The magistrate rushed to her assistance Then she murmured faintly

No—no Blanche that is not mine although looks like it

Vilmont's eyes glistened

Aha That is why she could not weep A clever actress We'll see

Advancing toward the magistrate he spoke a f[illegible] The commissary addressed Mme Verefkin

Madame I am sorry to have troubled you and [illegible] the murder of your husband [illegible] Vilmont will see you [illegible]

So saying they departed Vilmont [illegible] madame's dagger [illegible] much resembled the one with which M Verefkin had been murdered

Having arrived at the home of madame the [illegible] asked

Will madame kindly show me her dagger I am very sorry to trouble you but [illegible] the capture of the culprit

Certainly if monsieur will follow me she answered

She ascended the [illegible] stairs and entered her boudoir The detective felt uneasy Approaching her escritoire [illegible] the upper [illegible] drawer and handed Vilmont a poniard

Great heavens he exclaimed It is a fac-simile of the one used to kill monsieur

The only difference being that madame's initials were on hers He looked for the others on the one. It had been scratched off but the word [illegible] was still legible

The detective carefully put it in his pocket and left He went straight away to the prefecture and there saw the poniard [illegible] Wiping off the blood on the dagger [illegible] the name was scratched except the two letters [illegible]

The detective came to but one conclusion and that was that both daggers had been made in the same city—namely Lyons Although he did not directly suspect madame he thought it strange that both daggers should be made in the same city He determined to go there and hunt up the maker Taking with him the poniard on which madame's initials were he started for Lyons first leaving a comrade to watch madame's movements Arrived in Lyons he inquired of a dealer who the manufacturers of cutlery were He was given a list The dealer then asked him if there was any particular line in cutlery that he desired He answered that there was at the same time showing the poniard

Ah! said the dealer that was made by M God[illegible] & Co and sold only by his principal agent M Barton in the Rue Madeline

Thanking him the detective left and hastened to see M Barton He found that gentleman in his private office Of him Vilmont asked, producing the poniard

Do you deal, monsieur in this class of goods?'

Yes he answered scrutinizing the dagger closely 'and I remember this one very well 'I sold it to a lady some three months ago I remember the transaction well because her marvelous beauty attracted me By the way another reason that I remember it so well is because she bought two and I jokingly asked her if she were going to slay all mankind, she might better penetrate their hearts with a glance from her eyes than with the cold blade of steel She had her initials engraved on this one but the other one was plain'

Thanking the gentleman, Vilmont departed and took the first train to Paris

He in reality had only a clue Of course madame had bought the two poniards and she still had one of them What had become of the other one? She might have lost it and some one picked it up He had now in reality obtained a clue He would, however put it to the best use and having magnified his evidence, confront madame with it He reached Paris three days after the murder of Monsieur Verefkin.

On his way from the depot to the prefecture he directed the driver of the fiacre in which he rode to drive through the Avenue Villiers As he neared the Verefkin mansion he saw opposite in the shadow of the leafless trees the comrade that he had left there He drove by and motioned for the man to follow for a piece down the avenue As the man came up he said somewhat nervously 'You have arrived just in time I fear the bird is about to fly There has been considerable commotion about the house for the last twelve hours.'

There was evidently no time to be lost He must hasten to the prefecture, state what he had learned, obtain a warrant, and return as soon as possible Leaving his comrade on watch he hastened to the prefecture It was not long before he returned with a warrant and accompanied by the commissary They rang and the door was immediately opened, as though the inmates were expecting some one. Without waiting to be announced the detective followed by the magistrate, ascended to madame's boudoir When they reached the room a queer sight met their gaze. Mme Verefkin stood in the middle of the room surrounded by trunks half filled The room was in chaotic confusion. As they appeared at the door madame stood as one dumb, and a deadly pallor overspread her features From her apparently lifeless hands a letter, half read had dropped Quick as a flash of lightning, Vilmont stooped and picked it up

'Give me that letter," she shrieked. "It is mine, no right to read it"

The last lines put aside any doubts as to her commission of the crime They were

'I will meet you at the hotel (you know the one.) We are now free to love one another as of yore You are a brave girl I knew you would not [illegible] at the sight of blood Come to me. VICTOR."

When confronted by the evidence of the dealer at Lyons and the damning evidence of the note she was completely unnerved and wept like a child

"It was you, my love, that betrayed me. Why did he write that note!" she sobbed.

She was escorted to the prefecture, where surrounded by the cold damp walls, and hoping for leniency, she made a full confession

She was born in Florence. Her occupation since early womanhood has been that of an artist's model While posing in the studio of one Victor Valliani, she had fallen in love with the artist. He was not long in accomplishing her ruin She still loved him One day a wealthy Russian visited Valliani in his study and meeting with the beautiful model fell madly in love with her sweet and voluptuous form He was repulsive to her Victor, who was poor, struck upon the idea of her yielding to the Russian and extracting from him as much as possible from his well filled purse She would have given her life to please the man she loved The Russian proposed to go to Paris She did not desire to go but Victor had persuaded her to He had given up his profession, and lived on the money she supplied him If she did not accompany the Russian Valliani would have to work and that had become distasteful to him She accompanied him to Paris after she had demanded that he should marry her

They were married and went to Paris Here her concealed dislike for the man so much her senior increased She absolutely despised him She longed to be with Victor By one stroke she could rid herself of the man she loathed and return to her lover and bring with her untold wealth For this purpose she had gone to Lyons and purchased the two poniards—to kill him with one and have the other in case she should be suspected She had endeavored to keep them concealed but the maid, Blanche, had by accident seen one

As to the commission of the crime it was simple enough Monsieur Verefkin was very regular in his habits She knew the exact time he would return home on the night of January 5th Going out by the back entrance shrouded by a cloak and hood she waited in a concealed corner until he should pass to enter the front entrance to the house As he passed she with the dexterity of the women of her country lunged the poniard into the back of her husband With a moan he fell She then returned unseen The rest is known. She was tried and owing to her confession, leniency was extended her She was sent to the galleys for twenty years

A Jealous Husband

When a Magololo suspects his wives he places a stone in a jar of boiling water or oil and orders them to fetch it up with their bare arms He then judges of their guilt by the amount of injury they sustain When a woman is thus convicted he makes her confess who seduced her In vain does the helpless creature protest that she is innocent Notwithstanding that her arm is severely scalded she is subject to the most cruel torture by a kind of thumbscrew (*[illegible]*) which is applied to her head A small tree is partly divided along the middle the skull of the poor woman is inserted as if it were a wedge for splitting the tree still further Great pressure is exerted by forcing the halves of the tree together with the aid of pulleys *Africana or the Heart of Africa—the Rev Duff MacDonald*

A southern paper tells of a man who broke his back by sneezing That is nothing A larg[illegible] man [illegible] dislocated his hip joint by yawning [illegible] There is a man on the [illegible] should [illegible] that he has to use [illegible] plaster so [illegible] his shirt [illegible] [illegible] April [illegible] New [illegible] through a pipe stem

"THE D[illegible]DE."

What a Washington Humorist Thinks of the Fourth [illegible]

THE DUDE IN DE CHURCH

An A[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Reigns in the Congregation A Funny Description.

Washington Corr[illegible]

A Washington dude [illegible] short time ago to take one [illegible] behind with the [illegible] dangling at [illegible]

His little [illegible] barker had [illegible] his exterior [illegible] ultimate style and the man who kept a rum [illegible] had [illegible] his internal gear will suffice [illegible] to challenge him to change [illegible] rotary motion with wonderful dexterity

The [illegible] after having [illegible] placed one foot upon the step Just at this moment the horse [illegible] a little restless made a sudden movement which caused the other member of his body to perform an arc [illegible] toward the middle of the street

Upon being assisted to a perpendicular by two passing young ladies he remarked to the [illegible] by way of cheery Did the blasted thing turn over? On being informed that it did not he sighed Oh I thought it did or I wouldn't [illegible]

Spring has brought the dude to the street just as it has Jack [illegible] to the marsh The two birds are very much alike in many respects but the legs are the first noticeable mark of resemblance The aesthetic dude has the astuteness of an ass the vanity of a peacock and his clothes fit him like money does a miser I heard one say the other day when asked to be seated, "Thanks never! It's in my walking suit"

They very rarely walk because the exercise is a little heavy and then the bend of the knee disorganizes the frontal position of their tights causing unseemly festoons They are generally stood up and [illegible] entrances of fashionable hotels and places of amusement where they are taken in by their keepers like the Injun by the tobacco man At close of business they are removed to their beds and squeezed out as a young lady squeezes off her glove

In the morning when the keeper rehabilitates one he suspends him by a belt placed under his arm pits, until his lower extremities are suitably decorated He is then taken down and finished off just as you would finish off any ordinary monkey His hair is parted in the middle and his locks curled and pasted to his temples Topped off with a silk hat he is ready for show These pilgrims have unions where they stand round, talk fashions compare canes and legs and swap lies on general principles about the girls they have mashed

They all carry canes or something in a close fitting case, which looks as though it might be a parasol Whatever it may be it is always small enough to be about the size of the leg so that when you see one standing with cane in hand and his hand resting against his hip he looks as though he had three legs and that all emanated from the same hole

A colored dude is a gay looking proposition He can get the front portion of his foot in his tights but the heel is too long to follow so he has to have elastic seams in order to stretch in. He straightens out his foot and closes the heel down on the calf of his leg like a jack knife, but he can't free it again without the elastic to stretch over

Nothing suits a darkey dude better than to ape something foreign Two of them of this city heard a gentleman not long since relating a conversation which occurred between two Prussian officers.

It seems there had been a large party given the night before to which neither of the officers had been invited Neither knew that the other was not there and their conversation on meeting on the street was very laconic First officer with the usual salute, and in a most dignified manner said guten morgen' (good morning), second officer, returning the salute "guten morgen' (good morning), first officer 'dagewesen' (been there)? second officer, 'dagewesen (been there), first officer amorsiert" (enjoy yourself)? second officer, 'amorsiert" (enjoyed myself) First officer salutes guten morgen, second officer salutes, "guten morgen, and they pass on

The darkey dudes render this salutation in most exquisite style and with perfect German accent Not long ago one of them with cane in hand had taken position in the aisle of a colored church during the service. The old preacher discovered that an undue commotion had seized his audience Pausing in his sermon and gazing over his spectacles he espied the apparition Said he 'Brother Samson what is dat three-legged thing standin' up dere?"

Said Deacon Samson, "He calls hisself a 'dude'

'What did you say he do?

"Well, brudder he stans round and don't do much of nothin'"

Don't he wear no breeches?"

"Well he sez how he has got on his pants, but dat dey is too tight for him to set down in 'um'

"Now, brudder Samson' said the divine, you just sot dat do on dere in de vestibule till sich time as I gets done preachin' all de sermon out ob dis tex', an' I'll baptize him wid dese boots you half-soled fo' me yisterday, an' I'll larn him how to come round to dis sak ed congregashin showin dem naked tater vines ob his before dese young sisters Sot him out and I'll investigate him widout sendin for brudder Merik or brudder Bruser, and it will only cost dis church fo' you to half sole dese boots agin"

Samson stood the dude out, but he wasn't to be found when the righteous man went out to exercise on him Female dudes are a rare commodity The female cherishes the idea that she should be the antipode or "vice versa," of the regular dude, in the regular shape general configuration and commonly known methods of that '*breed*'"

The fact is that in all of my wide and varied acquaintance with the feminine kind I know but one approximate feminine dude and that is Dr Mary W—— of world-wide renown Dr Mary wears pants, as also a pink parasol with glove-fitting cover The size of the cover is suggestive to say the least especially in view of the fact that while the legs of the pants are not cut exactly of a size to correspond with the size of the cover they are always of such size as to leave the imagination but little distance to travel in forming an idea sufficient for a competent artist to sketch a longitudinal section with reasonable presumption of correctness as to diameter

I don't know whether Dr Mary belongs to the union or not but if not it is not her fault, as she belongs to everything else that will take her in She has been trying for many years to join one of the public departments but so far has failed This laudable endeavor of hers shows a disposition to work for you know that all government clerks are hard working people She is the only dude on record who has ever been known to apply for work To make a correct imitation of an undressed dude take a hickory nut place it upon a piece of potato cut in any irregular shape stick two broom straws in the potato and two watermelon seeds on the other end of the straws and you have one

Next to a hickory nut a raw biscuit gives the best expression of the dude's face ALIO

Buzot

Among the men who gathered around Roland on his appearance in Paris was one whom she had foreseen years before when she felt with awe the possibility that the man capable of being her lover might be met with some day to the confusion of her peace His name was Buzot an active member of the party afterward known as Girondists He was to her a hero a leader of men but alas he has fallen so out of recollection that we know him scarcely at all save as the man whom Mme Roland loved There is nothing but an allusion here and there in the end of her Memoires Oh [illegible] pas[illegible] to this love which never was to know an earthly close which left her duty and her family untouched but gave a new troubled yet exultant life to her heart Afterward however some three or four letters written out of prison were found by eager research and the mystery was solved The letters are wonderful at once in their frankness and restraint some portions of them written as in burning flame yet we almost regret that Buzot's friend, who had his papers hid to obey his living wish and burn them leaving this great visionary passion a mystery forever But human nature must pay for its insatiable curiosity and we learn from these letters the strange fact last [illegible] [illegible] *[illegible] Mag*

MANAGER MAPLESON

The Way that Ma[illegible] Husband is Regarded in Gotham

N[illegible] [illegible] particularly busy this week [illegible] of [illegible] opera [illegible] that Mapleson is [illegible] that has [illegible] [illegible] Patti [illegible] withstanding his positive assertions and announcements that [illegible] of money and to only [illegible] [illegible] they may have [illegible] of getting [illegible] for their property [illegible] proposed [illegible] [illegible] something [illegible] before he announces that he really has [illegible] for them next year Most of the trouble has been due to a certain tax of $[illegible] a seat for every Patti night which Mapleson [illegible] of the stockholders to pay but which they refused point blank We have 400 stockholders in the Academy, which [illegible] Mapleson's hands at all the stockholders having their own tickets and their own door When Patti was engaged Mapleson said that the expense was tremendous and that if the stockholders paid him $[illegible] a seat it would be [illegible] fair The stockholders passed a resolution to the effect that Mr Mapleson's demand was reasonable and last year upon the strength of that Patti was engaged so at least says Mapleson Now that [illegible] have had their Patti a great many of them refuse to pay for it leaving the manager about $5000 behind according to his own account

At the meeting of the academy directors last evening the matter of three dollar assessments was settled in Mr Mapleson's favor for next year at least by an overwhelming vote of 140 to 11 The arguments used by the Mapleson clique were simply that Mr Mapleson's financial ruin meant the closing of the academy and the triumph of the rival house Before Mapleson came opera was not given regularly in New York and for two years 1876 77 there was no opera at all The house was closed and even shunned by ball givers and theatrical people Since Mapleson appeared the stock holders have received no rent from him but the value of the stock has at least trebled because a share represents a seat and every year there are four months of excellent opera, beside which the building has become fashionable again and is in such demand for concerts and balls that a dividend will be declared on the stock this year—something which has not happened for ten years It is therefore well worth while to support Mapleson at least until it is sure that the rival house is not going to ruin the academy

Whether Patti is going to receive $5000 a night or $5000 a week is one of the mooted points in operatic circles More than one good judge in such matters believes that it is $5000 a week to sing three times or $1666 a night. This opinion is based upon the fact that Patti never received in London more than $1000 a night which is only 60 per cent of what $5000 a week would be Strakosch, however who ought to know something about such matters having been in the business for twenty-five years, believes that $5000 a night is the price, and believes moreover he tells me that next year's season will end in bankruptcy for both Mapleson and Abbey and that the more gorgeous the opera and the greater the singers the more complete the bankruptcy

The fact that Mapleson's own son's wife Cavalazzi the dancer, has made an engagement with Abbey does not look as if there was much confidence in the Mapleson camp as to the results of paying Patti $5000 a night. Many newspapers out of New York, I am not surprised to see, cannot swallow the $5000 story The Hartford *Courant* for instance says

'The New York papers announce gravely that Mapleson has engaged Patti to sing in opera at $5 000 a night They expect people to believe it just as Barnum expects people to believe the dazzling figures he gives them every spring Now Patti cannot sing in opera alone She must be at least nominally supported, and that requires other singers whose services cost a fair sum and also a large chorus Then there are the rent of the academy and all the thousand and one expenses of the performance Suppose these, outside of the Patti salary, foot up to $[illegible] a night. Suppose the academy average 2000 people nightly in the audience at an admission fee of $3 each a high average Then we should have $6000 houses The expenses would be $6 500 a night, and a season of sixty nights would leave Mr Mapleson only $30 000 out of pocket It is rather too much to take in without scruple.'

Many persons have taken to figuring on the pay which at $5000 a performance Patti will get for each note breath, word etc For instance in 'Lucia,' Patti is on the stage by the watch—I have counted the time—just sixty-two minutes during the three acts This gives her $80 and some odd cents for every minute. The average rate of respiration is about eighteen a minute, so that each breath is paid $4 44 In 'Lucia' there are 1200 words and 2800 notes so that Patti is paid $4 16 a word and $1 75 a note For a little run of a dozen notes a $20 bill is very fair pay These are the sort of rates which are going to make the price of seats $10, and $15 apiece next year instead of $7 apiece, which they have been this season.

Clara Wieck.

In 1835 Schumann became sole editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and in February, 1840 he was made a Ph D both for his proficiency as a composer and for the services he rendered to art and artists in his paper ("Doctor judicandus") Sept. 12, 1840, at last crowned his heart's ardent desire, and the maiden for whom like Jacob, he had served for many long years became his She had with equal perseverance kept her promise undaunted by her father's opposition, which did not find vent in straight forward denial, but in temporizing, in hopes to fatigue and weaken the young people's wishes He finally drove them to have recourse to law, where—forced to give his objections substantial form—he broke down I remember him well when he was in Vienna where he was escorting his daughter who although thoroughly unknown at her arrival instantly created a furore Her first concert, when a host of journalists artists and friends were kindly admitted, was the only one which was not crowded She gave six more which were crammed full and she was received with enthusiasm She was then a pale, not pretty but very attractive girl with black eyes that told volumes Perhaps I ought not to say that friends were gratuitously admitted to the first concert because your true friends are not those who accept complimentary tickets, but those who turn up when you have a paid concert But you have always a number of friends when there is a question of obliging them and you learn who your real friends are when it becomes a question of obliging you On concert days Mr Wieck stood on the stairs leading to the concert hall and admitted or refused in a peremptory manner just as he chose He was a tall rigid schoolmaster in appearance Schumann too was tall but dignified noble looking and having a habit of walking very cautiously so to make no noise—in his house he would walk with felt shoes whereas I remember having been annoyed by the perpetual creaking of Mr Wieck's boots, for Wieck trod heavily and was altogether a matter of fact man I was a boy then and accidently present at a lesson he gave his daughter She played variations on a motif from Mehul's Joseph and in that motif a *glissando* (sliding scale was introduced She played it several times Her father always shook his head deprecatingly 'Clara " he said 'das ist noch nicht ätherisch genug' (that is not sufficiently *ethereal* yet) and she patiently tried and repeated again and again until she could satisfy him The first time I heard her was at the house of a banker M de Ruezbach where she played some of those small pieces (mazurkas and nocturnes of Chopin etc) which she first introduced into a Vienna concert room The moment she had done I remember how to the general regret she gathered up her rings and gloves which she had deposited while playing to run away instantly to another banker's (Arnstein and Eskeles) house there to continue her social success It is to the influence of his wife that several compositions differing from his usual [illegible] are ascribed Certain it is that the passionate tenderness the scarcely tamed eccentricity of his mind could not but be influenced by her whom he loved with so persevering a passion and who showed herself so thoroughly worthy of his worship It is well known that some of her own songs are incorporated with his —*Temple Bar*

The Prince of Wales has a brand new palace at [illegible] which is described as marvel[illegible] [illegible] esthetic and altogether [illegible] It is fit[illegible] [illegible]

CHILI COLORADO.

To be Taken as Spice by Readers—Bolted Down Wisdom of Others.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER

What Smarter Folks than we are Think of this wicked World and its Woeful Work and Ways.

A board full of nails is the worst we ever saw

Five men were hanged in the United States on Good Friday

Can Mount Etna [illegible] in good humor when it is in such a state of eruption?

Time with a scythe [illegible] pictured as bald headed so that he can't be taken by the forelock

The [illegible] art [illegible] self [illegible] is so called to distinguish it from the Indians who take so naturally

A New York [illegible] fell under a Broadway [illegible] the other day and was completely subdued [illegible]

Isn't it a little previous to speak of a man as a crank when he [illegible] his mind that on earth [illegible]

When a [illegible] gets out of practice it takes a long while for him to get his hand in—*[illegible]*

The sting of a bee is only one thirty-second of an inch long It is your imagination that takes it seem as long as a hoe handle

The spring season is the time when county treasurers who can't tell where that $25 000 went to go on a visit to relatives in Canada

It sometimes happens in this great and glorious country that fools make laws and wise men are obliged to obey them

An article is going the rounds headed "How to deal with Tramps. The best way to deal with the nomad is to introduce your best dog to him

There is an inquirer in the papers who wishes the mystery of the baker's dozen (13) solved Every Sunday school juvenile knows that down here

It gives me great joy to hear that over in Philadelphia U S A, they have sentenced a man to exile in the penitentiary for throwing a bomb —*The Czar*

Many of the Texas legislators are near sighted They will yell as loudly at a brother member who is only ten feet distant as if he was half a mile away

When the telephone becomes perfect to such an extent that the breath of a person can be transmitted, it will be time to shut off communication with Chicago.

The man who never saw a railroad train died again recently in Wakefield, N H aged 100 years Ignorance of railway traveling appears to be conducive to long life.

A New York policeman recently shot and fatally wounded a brother officer This is the first time a New York blue-coat was ever on hand at the time of a murder

The second day after a young aspirant for Thespian honors begins his first engagement in a two-line part he makes it a point to speak contemptuously of "amateurs.'

A Mississippi paper says of a candidate 'He makes a most excellent matrimonial insurance agent, and we cannot see why he would not make a wise and able legislator "

"I will write a poem to kill time' said the amateur doggerelist to the editor "And I,' muttered the editor as he gnashed his teeth. 'I will kill the poem at the right time"

When an Ohio man is in debt, hard up sick and utterly discouraged he doesn't commit suicide He goes to the postoffice and gets a letter informing him that he has fallen heir to $5000

The most notable individuality of the average dynamiter, the Philadelphia *Press* thinks is the alacrity with which he turns informer when he feels the grip of justice about his larynx

Building is going on in Philadelphia so fast this spring that the man who goes to sleep on a lot at night is liable to have a roof over his head in the morning—that is, if the police do their duty

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," but judging from advertisements it appears to be a difficult matter to sell a pound of soap nowadays, unless a prize is offered as an inducement to purchase

The good templars at Chase's mills, Maine, have subscribed $27 toward enforcing the Maine law in Portland It is thought however that it will require at least $3 more to do the work —*Boston Adv*

Fashionable fingers now find employment in making table covers out of coarse white twine, out of which fishermen's nets are made The needles the ladies have to use are about the size of a fishing pole

In dinner favors something new is a little china dog sitting upright on a plush mat, the head coming off and the body serving as an inkstand Pens and paper are not given with the dinner favor.

An out of town paper says that at a wedding in this city the organist raised a laugh by playing as the bridal party left the church that familiar and suggestive tune, "Now you're married, you must obey"

'Oh, yes," said Mrs. Suddenriches, "we always pay a great deal of attention to the [illegible] of the dinner table, for all us girls at home was dastornomically brought up with regard to strict society improprieties!"

A taste for astronomy " says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, "is springing up among young people of both sexes." It always does as soon as the season permits sitting on the back porch in the moonlight.

A man in Winthrop, Me., plays the piano, organ, violin, banjo, cornet, fife, xylophone, bones and guitar, and whistles like a nightingale How he could discourage a hand organ man trying to do business in his town

We think we have discovered a solution of the Indian question, England is shifting her Irish paupers upon the United States. A fair exchange is no robbery, and as Great Britain is shipping to us an undesirable element of her population, let us in return ship our Indians to England

A college student whose father makes him render an itemized account of his expenses received an order from him to explain how the large sum for incidentals was spent and then I can judge whether you are having enough fun for your money, for I have been there, you young scamp"

What are you looking for?' asked the father of a sickly young swell who was earnestly engaged in conning a dictionary 'I'm trying to find dude,' but I don't see it" was the reply You don't, eh? answered the parent. 'Well just take a good look in the big mirror in the parlor and you'll see it

A Chinaman made a bet of $3 with one of his fellows that he could swim across the Sacramento at Redding, and return He crossed over but in coming back sank in the middle of the stream to rise no more His opponent, seeing him go down, clapped his hands in glee and proceeded to put the stakes in his pocket.

A Philadelphia reporter took occasion while at Hamilton Ontario, the other night to curse the Canadian government and the queen and was arrested and fined $10 in consequence Just why he went to cursing the government, in fact how he found time to with a Canadian hotel to think about, we don't see —*Boston Post*

That celebrated ship the Great Eastern cost its unfortunate proprietors $20 000 for maintenance in the past year, while her total earnings are represented by the miserable sum of $65, which was received as visitors fees The owners say they couldn't have been much worse off in America running a comic opera troupe —*Boston Post*

A Georgia journal, speaking of a weekly publication which was printed in a log house at Athens several years ago, says The paper was the size of an eight by ten pane of glass It will now be in order for somebody who signs himself 'Subscriber' to write to the Georgia journal and ask the editor to tell him the exact size of an eight by ten pane of glass

The Zulu Origin of Baboons

The Zulus supply us with a theory of the origin of baboons To a Zulu a baboon is much less an animal than a man whose transformation he is quite able to explain It is one of Tusi's men he says when he kills one and Tusi was a man of the Amafene tribe a people so habitually idle that they would always eat at other people's houses rather than dig for themselves Thus their chief once led them into the wilderness where the handles of their hoeing implements gradually turned into tails their foreheads became overhanging and their bodies covered with hair and from that time they went [illegible] [illegible] the Germans are [illegible] [illegible] —*[illegible]*

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR

Tale of a Tenderfoot at Tombstone

Middleton Manuscript

After drawing a flash young man from an eastern college arrived at Tombstone A T and registered his name at the principal hotel A friendly [illegible] person in a blue shirt and wide brimmed hat who chanced to be in the office good naturedly answered every question and volunteered a vast amount of interesting information about Arizona in general and Tombstone in particular

Do you see them hills asked the Tombstoner pointing through one of the office windows Well them hills is chuck full of pay dirt

The young man from the east looked shocked My dear sir he said proudly but kindly you should say those hills are—not them hills is

The Tombstoner was silent for a moment He looked the young man from the east critically over as if he was estimating the size of coffin he would wear Then drawing out an ivory-stocked seven shooter of elaborate style and finish he said in a soft mild musical tone of voice that sounded like a wild wood brook coursing over its pebble bed My gentle tenderfoot from the land of the rising sun this here's a pint that you and me disagrees on and we might as well have it settled right now I haven't looked in a grammar lately but I'm going to stand by that opinion while I've a shot left I'll give you just three minutes to think calmly over the subject for you probably spoke in haste the first time And then I'll hear your decision

The young man from the east looked down the delicately chased barrel of the revolver and into the placid depth of the eyes of the Tombstoner and began to feel that many points in grammar are uncertain and liable to grow more so Then he thought of the coroner's inquest and of the verdict 'came to his death by standing in front of Colorado Tom's seven-shooter," and of the long pine box going east by express with $60 charges on it, and before half the three minutes was up he was ready to acknowledge his error 'Since he thought it over calmly," he said "he believed that 'them hills is right He had spoken on the spur of the moment,' he added 'and begged a thousand pardons for his presumptuous effort to substitute bad grammar for good'

The Tombstoner forgave him freely and grasping his hand, said

'I know'd you'd say you was wrong after you thought a moment. I admire a man who sees right in without arguing when he knows he's wrong Come along and irrigate" And they irrigated

American Literary Women.

Literary World.

We do not mean to be ungallant, and the ladies will please pardon us, but have we any American women of letters? American men of letters we certainly have—or have had, men worthy to stand by the side of any but the very chief of the men of letters across the sea; but where in America can we find a George Eliot or Mrs. Browning? "In France alone," once said George Eliot, "if the writings of women were swept away, a serious gap would be made in the national history" We know of but one American woman's writings, which, if "swept away," would make "a serious gap in the national history" That is Mrs Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" And "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not literature it was a moral effect; and Mrs. Stowe's later writings have not confirmed her seat in our Pantheon.

We have had our Anne Bradstreet, our Hannah Adams, our Phillis Wheatley, our Mrs. Sigourney, our Margaret Fuller, our Alice and Phoebe Cary, our Fanny Fern And who were these? Of Margaret Fuller doubtless we shall hear and know more. Here is a becoming figure [illegible] The [illegible] meaning voice in the chorus of the hour is from behind a mask; the most brilliant penwoman of to-day is soured in temper; the most passionate is morbid. There is room on the stage for a large-framed, strong limbed, bright-eyed, loving-hearted, whole-souled, quick-handed American woman of letters. Vassar and Wellesley, do you hear? Or is that sort of good thing not to come out of these [illegible]? [illegible] ye to look toward the prairies and hills of the far west? Whenever she appears it will doubtless be from an unexpected quarter. She will be a surprise.

G. SHU[illegible]
Sole agents for the best [illegible]

Cats on Shipboard.

Although pussy is the unrelenting enemy of rats and they stand in wholesome awe of her presence, she is not always victorious in her encounters with them. I have seen a cat rolled over and over by a patriarch on whom she had pounced, and retire from the fray discomfited, with a severe bite through the lip. In connection with cats and rats, I will mention two episodes that I could scarcely have believed possible had they not come under my immediate notice. On board the Elbe we had a grand, great yellow cat in the after part of the ship—for cats have their own well-defined homes afloat as ashore, and resent intrusion within their boundaries from feline rivals quite as vituperatively as their brethren who enjoy the blessings of the land Sandy, then, reigned over the saloon and quarter-deck, and was the most accomplished and gentlemanly cat I was ever acquainted with One morning while we were lying in the Scheldt abreast of Antwerp, Sandy was seated on the rail watching the disembarking of the cargo and the various operations of the small craft which surrounded the steamer, with that responsible air of general superintendence which distinguished him when he suddenly caught sight of a rat in one of the lighters alongside. Without a second's hesitation he sprang down from the rail sheer into the lighter's cargo space a descent of full thirty feet perhaps more! As may be expected he was nearly killed by the fall and lay for days almost insensible but we nursed him round again with beef tea and brandy The other incident was horrible I had brought an old cat with me on joining a certain rat-ridden ship, knowing him to be a good sporting animal, it was not mine but one I had borrowed for the voyage on hearing the vessel's reputation for natural history She was fairly overrun with vermin from stem to stern, but it appeared that there was an extraordinary concentration of the ratty element in the store rooms underneath the forepeak. Nothing served to restrain their depredations or to diminish their numbers and audacity, it was scarcely safe to venture down there and the storekeeper was at his wits end to know how to protect the articles under his charge At length he asked me to allow him to put Tim down there at night not so much in the hope of destroying the rats as of scaring them away Tim was accordingly conducted thither before the gratings were put on and left there with his saucer of bread and milk his mat and no lack of company In the morning nothing remained of him but gnawed bones and some scraps of gray fur *—All the Year Round*

The Padre

The padre told us that some fifty years ago a Catholic priest receiving valuable contributions to the church from the poorest of his congregation obtained information through the confessional to the effect that the valuables were procured from a cave and were supposed to be part of Montezuma's treasures The priest prevailed upon a man to lead him to the cave but it was required that he should be blindfolded But he took several rosaries with him and contrived to drop the beads one by one on the road After seeing the treasures in the cave and returning home blindfolded his conductor said I have kept faith with your reverence but you had the misfortune to break your rosary and drop the beads on the way I have however picked them all up and now return them to you You will not find any missing *—Mexico To-day—Brocklehurst*

Paris has put forth a kid glove having a [illegible] monogram worked in delicately shaded silk on the upper part near the top of the [illegible] The [illegible] is then outlined in fine pearl amber or gold beads

John Kenworthy to J F Cass, L 7, B 2[illegible], E P., May 19—$1
Hasbrook & Leahy to J K and W F Ease, L 8, 9, 10, 11, B 7, Car Shops Add—$1.

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…WIDOW.

and inhospitable to me in my hour of need, and all but turned me out of doors at last?"

"Then," said Mr. Merrion, "we must treat them as we would treat any other impertinent intruders. My little Clara shall not be tormented by a set of harpies. Just give me the letter, love; I'll settle this business. Oh, by the way, I have to run out to Chestnut Hill this morning to see about the new conservatories there; but I'll send Phipps, my lawyer, to the depot to meet them. He'll make it all right."

"But, Montague," faltered Clara, "what shall I do if they descend upon me like the locusts of Egypt, and you not here?"

"They won't come, my dear," said Mr. Merrion, shrewdly.

Nevertheless Clara was very nervous all day, and could not settle peacefully to work in the exquisite little glass-ceiled studio, with the Venetian-red walls and ruby-velvet draperies, which her husband's affection had provided for her, for the recollection of Mrs. Clickson's cold, hard face overshadowed her like a nightmare.

The two maiden daughters' sour regards were still fresh in her memory, and she could not think of the stolid stupidity of Mr. and Mrs. Philo without a shudder.

The Clickson family arrived at the depot hot, dusty, crumpled, like all travelers. Miss Lorina's hat was crushed, Miss Maurandia's complexion was all washed away with perspiration, Mrs. Philo had the toothache, and Philo had mislaid the key of his bag.

The old lady was cross and dictatorial, much inclined to find fault with the management of the road, and old Mr. Clickson sat all in a heap in the corner, about as amiable as an elderly hyena.

Into this cheerful family party Mr. Phipps bowed himself—a courteous, middle-aged gentleman, with a perpetual smile and a coaxing way of speaking, which bespoke your confidence before you knew it.

"Do I address Mrs. Eben Clickson?" said he suavely.

"You do," said the old lady, trying to straighten out her bent spectacles, upon which Mrs. Philo had sat all the way from Yellow Brook depot.

"I represent Mrs. Merrion," said he. "You have no doubt heard of the sickness in the family, and have come to help nurse Mr. Merrion's daughter?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Eben Clickson, holding the spectacles by one joint. "He was a widower, eh, with a family? Well, then, Clara hain't done so surprisingly well, arter all. But what's the matter with the young gals? I pity 'em if Jason's widow is to be their stepmother."

"The doctor hopes," said Mr. Phipps, "that it will not be anything more serious than scarlet fever. The indications, at present, are—"

"Scarlet fever!" screamed Mrs. Philo. "Husband, let's go back! We've neither of us never had it!"

"Is it malignant?" gasped Miss Lorina.

"Why didn't Jason's widow telegraph to us?" shrieked Miss Maurandia.

"She has had a great deal to occupy her mind," said Mr. Phipps, smoothly. "You perhaps haven't heard that her husband has gone away and left her?"

"And took all the money?" gasped the old woman.

"It is but too probable," said Mr. Phipps.

"Left her?" repeated Miss Lorina.

"Humph! A grass-widow! Didn't I always say that Clara Clickson wouldn't come to no good?"

"She can't expect us to countenance her," said Miss Maurandia, severely.

"Ladies," said Mr. Phipps, "will I show you the way to Mr. Merrion's residence?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Eben Clickson. "It ain't my business to countenance any woman whose husband has deserted her. Just let her know, please, that her first husband's family are very much put out and hope she won't expect them to receive her again?"

"And I think," observed Miss Maurandia, "that it is very cool of her to suppose that we will turn from ~~[illegible]~~ to her second husband's family, when we're all delicate ourselves?"

Miss Lorina made no further remark, but gathered up her parcels and started for the train, whither old Mr. Clickson and Mr. and Mrs. Philo had already led the way; for, dearly as the Clickson family cherished the prospect of a month's sojourn in Philadelphia, hotel exactions and boarding-house bills were out of the question.

Mr. Phipps watched them until the last basket and valise had disappeared into the car door, and then returned to the landau, just outside the station, where Mrs. Montague Merrion sat.

"You heard it all?" said he.

"Every word," said Clara, whose face was a combination of amusement and annoyance. "But Mr. Phipps—"

"It was quite true, wasn't it, about your husband's daughters being ill of scarlet fever?" said the lawyer.

"But they are away at boarding school."

"Was it necessary for me to mention that?" said Mr. Phipps, demurely.

"And you said my husband had left me."

"Hasn't he?" questioned Mr. Phipps.

"But he has only gone to Chestnut Hill to see about the buildings, and he comes back this evening," pleaded Clara.

"They did not ask me where he was gone, or when he would return," observed Mr. Phipps.

But the main object was achieved. The visitation of the Clickson family had been warded off; and when Mr. Merrion came home that evening from Chestnut Hill, with the report that the girls were getting on finely and the conservatories almost completed, Clara met him with a radiant face.

"Mr. Phipps' diplomacy has won the day," she said.

While the Clickson family, unloaded their bags and trunks once more at the farmhouse door, declared, gloomily that "they always knew that Jason's widow would turn out a failure."

Queen of Night.

It is curious that the lives of the great giants of the Romantic movement were much less wildly romantic than those of the brilliant, but less fortunate men who followed after them.

In 1857 Baudelaire's collected poems were first brought out in book form by Levy, of Paris, to the astonishment and horror of the public. "Flowers of Evil" is the translation of the title the volume still bears; and the alarm caused by the appearance and odor of these fantastic blossoms soon took active shape in a legal effort to eliminate the new vegetation from French literary soil, throughout all his poems, dominating their caprices, infidelities and griefs, obstinately reappears one strange figure—a Venus moulded in African bronze, tawny, but beautiful, "nigra sed formosa"—a species of black Madonna whose niche is always decorated with crystal suns and bouquets of pearls. It is to her that he always returns after his voyage into the Land of Horror to ask of her, if not happiness, the boon of appeasement or oblivion. That savage mistress, dumb and dark as a sphinx, with her soporific perfumes and torpedo caresses, seems a symbol of true nature or primitive life to which the human heart turns when weary of the complications of civilized existence."—(Histoire du Romantisme.)

Who this swarthy beauty was, remained a mystery to the world at large for many years. Gautier hinted that she was only an ideal savage woman—a sombre Ave, especially created for the imaginary paradise of the poet. But the portraits of her which appear not only in the "Flowers of Evil," but likewise in the Prose Poems, are so naturally minute that a careful study of Baudelaire would convince most readers to the contrary. "Supple and cajoling like the black panther of Java," this woman really lived, and lived in Paris, and exercised unconsciously a wonderful influence upon the life and work of the poet, who never wearied singing of her beauty.

She must have been the mode for the Dorothee of the Prose Poems; she may have served for that of the Serpent Woman and that of Malabaress, whose "dreams are full of humming birds," and whose eyes pensively seek through the foul fogs of Paris "for the ghosts of absent cocoa palms." She is also the Dorothee of that wonderful bit of light and music and perfume, "Bien loin d'ici." He sings of her hair—an "aromatic forest, an ebony sea, whose blue-black billows bear him in fancy to far tropical ports full of golden glow and odors of musk and cocoa." He describes her beauty as "tenebrous. . . . swarthy as night, fantastic, obi-created". . . . . the perfume of her youth as "savage," as "a mingling of Havanese odors with musk." "When my desire goes forth like a carava, it is in the deep wells of thine eyes their weariness finds refreshment." Her eyes are again compared to "strange and charming minerals, in which diamond and gold are blended," though there be moments when they become "soft as the moon." In the same piece we have a study of eyes "ever enticing in spite of sinister brown—odor of forest and dessert"—enigmatic and exotic beauty—a sphinx knowing the caresses that awaken the dead—enchanting as night in the Pampas—dark and warm, yet oddly luminous."

The mystery is rather brutally revealed in the Souvenirs of Theodore de Banville, "As one may readily become convinced of by reading Baudelaire, the poet never really loved but one woman—that Jeanne whom he never ceased to sing of in so magnificent a way. She was a colored girl, of lofty stature, and quite attractive with her dark, superb, ingenious head, covered with a mass of violently curling hair. There was something at once divine and yet animal in her queenly carriage, full of savage grace. Where the half-bred came from, however, we are not informed. Perhaps she was really of that superb type which inspired a celebrated French sculptor for his symbolic statue, L'Afrique.

Perhaps Baudelaire himself might have brought her to Europe from some remote colony of the Indian or African sea; for he was wont to do very strange things during his travels. Having been once sent with letters of credit and recommendation to some outlandish country, he wearied of his Creole host, and went off to the mountains to live among the savages, who cooked those extraordinary dishes for him of which we have a souvenir in his prose poems.

At all events, Jeanne was Baudelaire's model; the word-painter sought from her all that the colorist seeks from living types, and yet something more—the sense of tropical life, the indefinable and mysterious beauty created by interblending of race, the type of savage grace, the dusky outward impassiveness that masks fantastic passion. She was the swarthy Aphrodite of his Indian Eden—his bayadere, Javanese, Malabaress—his tropical witch who evoked for him at memories of far away coasts, echoes of strange Eastern life, phantoms of Asiatic or African suns, luminosities and odors of equatorial ports and primeval woods. Utterly unconscious of the part she occupied in his life, the girl naturally believed her admirer mad—went, as he was, to dress her in oddly colored costumes of costly stuff, and compel her to pose for him while he recited poetry to her in a tongue which she could not understand—perhaps his own poetry, in which he threatens to return after death and give her "kisses colder than the moon." Little did he then think how soon death would come on, or in how dreary a shape—slow paralysis of mind and body. Bitter souled and bitter of fancy like Heine, he died, though perhaps even more miserably, speechless and thoughtless as any of those Orient idols whereof he had sung. Whether the dark woman tended him thus helpless, does not appear, nor has any mention been made of her fate—possibly and painfully suggested to many minds by the image of the Malabaress "trembling in the snow and sleet" of winter, and vainly gazing through the pallad Paris fogs for the ghost of absent cocoa palms.—New Orleans Times Democratic.

Saved by Sallie.

Not long since a young man in Carson got married and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train, his father bade him good-bye and gave him the parental blessing.

"My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again: 'Never go into a place where you would not take your wife.'"

The couple settled in Mariposa county and last week the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some of the bowlders in the chaparral. As the two approached, the bear roused up and sent forth a howl of defiance which shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill 'im!" said the old man, excitedly.

The son held back; further acquaintance with the bear seemed in some respects undesirable.

"Count me out," he said.

"Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward?" shouted the old man, brandishing a gun.

"I but recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts? Didn't you tell me never to go where I couldn't take my wife? How would Sal look there with that bear?"

The man clasped the dutiful son to his bosom, and, as the bear issued forth, exclaimed:

"Speaking about Sallie, let us hasten home; our prolonged absence might cause her needless alarm."

In about fifteen minutes they had reached the ranch, the old man a little ahead, and the distance was about four miles.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

At Memphis recently, the graves of Confederate dead in Elmwood cemetery were decorated with the usual ceremonies.

The eye is sometimes called the window of the soul; consequently a black eye must be a stained window.

A Fortune Made by a Wooden Hat.

Many persons upon whom fortune does not smile, or who wish to be rich very quickly, think that nowadays it is not possible for a simple man to get to the top of the tree because all occupations are so overstocked, and there are already too many people in the world.

That this opinion is a false one, and that the right man can always do something for himself, if he has the real stuff in him and perseveres, the following true story proves:

In the year 1826 a poor journeyman turner named Muhle, in worn-out shoes through which his bare toes projected, with a knapsack on his weary back, arrived at a little village not far from Colmar, in Alsace. In this village was an engine factory, in which our workman had come to look for employment. But the poor fellow's ragged, miserable appearance did not tell in his favor, and the master of the factory at once sent him about his business.

Our journeyman turned away, and sadly and despondently went out of the door; but he had scarcely placed his hat on his head, when from the office within he heard the master of the factory calling him back. He returned to the factory, and the proprietor asked him: "What in the name of wonder is that kind of hat which you wear?"

"It is my own, and turned out of wood."

"What! A wooden hat! I must examine it a little closer. Where did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it. I made it myself."

"Indeed! How and where, then?"

"On the turning lathe."

"But you hat is oval, and on the turning-lathe things are made round. Some one else must have done that for you; you could not have made that hat."

"Yes, it is as I say," replied the poor journey man. "I turned the hat myself."

"And how have you made it? It must be a wonderful fellow to make an oval hat on a turning lathe."

"I moved the central point, and then turned it as it suited me. As I have to walk a long distance, and cannot afford to buy an umbrella, I made a hat which would serve me instead."

The manufacturer was struck, for he saw that poor Muhle had by himself discovered a difficult problem in the art of turning, which in the mechanics of the present day has become of such great importance. He recognized the immense value of the discovery, and at once took the poor fellow into his employ. He soon found out that Muhle was not only a very clever workman and turner, but a real genius, too, who only required further instruction and guidance.

And so it turned out. Muhle entered the business; in due time he became partner, and after the manufacturer's death he was sole proprietor. At his death he left a fortune of millions. His wooden hat had been the first cause, and his clever head the cause of his success.

History of the Jones Family.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask you ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, New York, and we found her in an intelligence office. The was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paragorically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was silence for a few moments, then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Antony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Mr. Jones, vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all he knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said, 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But, say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows tomorrow, though?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?"

"Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for president, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

NOTES ON ART AND ARTISTS.

An art club with a long list of members, is in process of formation at Minneapolis, Minn.

The White House has a large oil portrait of President Arthur, painted by Glisenti in Florence on the order of Schuyler Crosby, late Consul in that city.

The exhibition recently held at Rouen was remarkable for the patronage it secured from the municipality and some rich amateurs. Fifty-seven pictures were sold.

Engravers are finding it difficult to procure good boxwood. The box forests of Turkey, upon which the bulk of the supply depends, are being wastefully cut, and few trees are planted.

A sculptor in Athens has recently sent a request to Queen Victoria asking her to return to the Acropolis the friezes of the Parthenon and other antiquities, which were carried away by Lord Elgin.

In Guatemala the government is awakening to the necessity of protecting the monuments of ancient races from vandalism. A decree has been passed forbidding the quarrying of stone from the old buildings of the Mayas.

The sculptor Donohue, of Chicago, is at work on "The Transit of Venus," a group in which the sun is represented by a strong, bearded man, who sits looking backward over his shoulder, and Venus by the nude figure of a graceful woman.

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Passage to Sellwood …… 15 cents
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Martin Shelton and Wm. Webster were scuffling at Steilacoom, when Shelton fell, breaking both bones of his right leg above the ankle.

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HAYESVILLE, Ohio, February 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I took only two bottles, and I would not take $10 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.
C. S. [illegible], M. D.

"Many a lady [illegible] demonstrated [illegible] and poisonous [illegible] for a few dollars [illegible] and has gone [illegible] Lydia E. Pinkham [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1883.

THE NEWS.

Report of Crook's Massacre Discredited by Army Officers.

BOTH SIDES CLAIM THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

Large Land Sale in Texas—Striking Miners Awed by the Military—Proceedings of Various Assemblies—History of a Day.

Reformed Episcopal Church.

Baltimore, May 26.—At the morning session of the general council of the Reformed Episcopal church the committee on the state of the church reported 10,507 Sunday school scholars and 8193 communicants; collections, $182,523; value of church property, $611,583.

The council determined to celebrate the anniversary of the church December 10th next, by special services in the various churches.

The following resolution, recommended by the general committee, was adopted:

Resolved, That the request of the synod of the Reformed Episcopal church of Great Britain for separate and independent existence be hereby granted.

Resolved, That on granting this request we hereby most emphatically affirm that any church calling itself Reformed Episcopal church would be acting in opposition to the fundamental principles of the church.

This last resolution was called forth by a rumor that the bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church of England required any minister of another church, in coming into his church, to be reordained, which is contrary to the principles of the church.

The amount accruing from the sustentation fund was distributed as follows: One thousand dollars each to Mrs. Cummins, Bishop Latane and Bishop Stevens; $500 to Bishops Fellows and Wilson, and $320 for the expenses of the council.

A communication from the widow of Bishop Cummins declined to consent to the erection of a monument to her husband, as such expenditure of money was not in accordance with his expressed views.

The publication committee were instructed to proceed with the publication of the amended prayer book.

A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions on a basis of $1 each, to extinguish the debt on the Cummins memorial church and erect a tablet to his memory.

The Report of Crook's Murder Discredited.

Chicago, May 26.—Officers, at General Sheridan's headquarters, while in receipt of no direct news, nevertheless place no credence in the sensational telegrams intimating a mutiny in General Crook's command and the death of the American officers in command. They place less reliance in the report than if it was to the effect that his column had met defeat at the hands of the hostiles. There has been nothing upon which to base a belief in the recital from any former act of treachery on the part of his Indian allies, and the presence of American cavalry they deem adds to the unlikelihood of such an occurrence. They also put but slight belief in the statement of his supposed engagement with savages, as they argue that Crook would have pushed through his own courier rapidly in such an event.

Not Intended for General Publication.

Milwaukee, May 26.—S. H. Seamans, secretary of the Millers' National Association, was flooded with telegrams to-day, inquiring if his report on the wheat crop, which was made for the benefit of the millers' association, had been correctly sent out by the associated press. Mr. Seamans says the report was meant for members of the association only, and not for publication. He calls attention to the fact that his estimate is based on reports from twenty-one states only, and says if the crop of the whole country was taken into consideration the total yield must be 403,899,000 bushels, while his estimate for twenty-one states is only 373,850,000. The information published yesterday was a recapitulation of a page cut from the printed report.

Wheat Crop Estimates.

Milwaukee, May 26.—The Millers' National Association give publicity to wheat-crop estimate, which promises for the whole wheat belt of the United States a yield of 373,850,000 bushels for 1883. Secretary Seamans's estimate by states is as follows: California 45,000,000, Nebraska 11,000,000, Texas 21,000,000, Kansas 28,000,000, Missouri 21,400,000, Iowa 15,200,000, Dakota (approximate) 15,000,000, Minnesota 37,000,000, Wisconsin 19,000,000, Illinois 25,000,000, Kentucky 12,400,000, Tennessee 8,800,000, Georgia 2,800,000, Virginia 8,000,000, Maryland 9,000,000, Delaware 1,000,000, New York 10,800,000, Pennsylvania 22,500,000, Ohio 26,000,000, Indiana 29,500,000, Michigan 23,800,000.

The "Sun" on the French-Chinese Troubles.

New York, May 26.—Sun's editorial on the French-Chinese troubles: French war vessels in the Chinese seas and troops which may be forwarded from colonial establishments will bring the body available for action up to 9000 men. This army sent, France could forward by the Suez canal strong reinforcements to Tonquin long before Chinese soldiery would cross the border at Yunnan. As for Chinese ironclads, we do not apprehend trouble to a French armed vessel, but while France would almost certainly come forth victor, success would require much greater expenditure of money and a far larger display of military force than seem to have entered into the French ministry's calculations.

Quarter Centennial Celebration.

Pittsburg, May 26.—The quarter centennial celebration of the formation of the United Presbyterian church was held in the Second United Presbyterian church, at Allegheny City, to-day. Two thousand people were in the body of the church. The church edifice was emblazoned with mottoes significant of the occasion. Moderator McMillan introduced J. J. Cooper as presiding officer. Addresses were made by Dr. Kerr, Rev. A. Wallace, Rev. W. J. Kane and Rev. E. H. McMillan, on the progress made by the church, and recounting memorable incidents in its history.

A Modern Romance.

Montreal, May 26.—Some years ago W. H. Smith, manager of the Merchants' bank, of Sarnia, Ont., absconded with $30,000, which the Citizens' Guarantee Company had to pay. The defaulter settled in Nebraska, and prospered. He died two years ago, leaving considerable wealth, which the Guarantee Company claims, and is now suing for in the American courts. A commission is here taking evidence.

The System Wrong.

Saratoga, N. Y., May 26.—At the anniversary of the Baptist Home Mission Society Capt. Pratt of the Carlisle school for Indians made an address, introducing six Indian boys, illustrating the success of the school work. He said the Indian must associate with citizens to be himself a citizen, and the present system was wrong. The society elected John D. Rockefeller of Ohio president.

Awaiting Decision on a Liquor Law.

Akron, O., May 26.—Hon. A. L. Conger of this place, chairman of the republican state central committee, has ordered a meeting of the committee at Columbus next Tuesday, to consider the advisability of postponing the republican convention to nominate a governor and other officers to some other time than June 6, to await a decision of the supreme court on the Scott liquor law.

Postponed.

New York, May 26.—The *Catholic Review* announces that owing to the temporary indisposition of Cardinal McCloskey the provincial synod of New York, summoned for June 3, has been postponed. His eminence's indisposition is fortunately yielding to repose and relaxation from the heavy duties and anxieties imposed on him by the preparation for the synod.

Virginia Claimed by Both Sides.

Petersburg, Va., May 26.—The democrats to-night claim a sweeping victory in the Thursday election, while on the other hand the Mahoneites claim that they have not only not lost ground but carried many counties where they did not think their ticket would be elected. It will be some days before the official [illegible] throughout the state will be received.

Not a Proper Place.

New York, May 26.—The West Thirty-third-Street Baptist Sunday school voted not to take part in the public gathering of Baptist Sunday schools in Madison Square gardens. It is claimed the garden, with prize fights and other associations, is not a proper place for children.

Fund for the Widows and Orphans.

Galveston, May 26.—Irishmen in this city are raising a fund for the benefit of the widows and children of the men recently executed in Dublin for the Phoenix park murders. Seven hundred dollars is already subscribed, and the intention is to make it $1000.

A Postmaster's Accounts Short.

Atlanta, May 26.—This city was startled to-day by the announcement that an examination of the accounts of Joseph Nall assistant postmaster, showed him $3000 short. Nall says there must be some mistake, but will make good the deficit, if any.

Failure of a Jewelry Firm.

Chicago, May 26.—The wholesale jewelry house of Goldstein Bros. suspended to-day. Liabilities, $30,000; assets, $15,000; stock in trade, $23,000, open to accounts. The firm confessed judgment to-day for $13,000.

Jefferson Davis Nearly Well.

New Orleans, May 26.—A person who has just come in from Beauvoir says Jefferson Davis is now rapidly recovering his health, and is able to sit up in a chair a part of the time.

ACCIDENTS.

FOUR PERSONS DROWNED.

Wheeling, May 26.—A colored man named Willis Shannon and three boys named Harry Cass, George Talbot and Harry Snodgrass, were drowned to-day at Martin's Ferry, together with two horses. Shannon went to the river to wash a buggy, taking the boys with him for a ride. When in the river the horses became unmanageable and all were washed into the current and lost. Three of the bodies were recovered.

DROWNED WHILE BOATING.

Holton, Kan., May 26.—While a pleasure party of five persons—Mr. Beard, Miss Lena Maxel of Riverton, Ia., and three members of J. W. Beard's family, a young boy of 4 and a girl of 13—were boating on the river at Arrington, this afternoon, the boat was carried over the dam, and the young lady, the boy and the girl were drowned. Mr. Beard had a very narrow escape.

KILLED IN A GALE.

Baltimore, May 26.—The steamship Strasburg encountered a severe southwest gale on the 23d inst., during which the shackle of both foretopsails broke and fell, killing two passengers and knocking another overboard, who was drowned.

KILLED BY A BOILER EXPLOSION.

Louisville, May 26.—Boyle's sawmill at Waterford, Spencer county, exploded yesterday, fatally wounding several workmen and instantly killing John Purcell, owner of the mill.

Lynchburg, Va., May 26.—Later election returns give Montgomery, Henry, Rockbridge, Franklin and Botetourt to the Democrats. Pittsylvania will be a heavy majority. Returns throughout this section show large gains.

WASHINGTON CITY.

Major Nickerson Prostrated.

Washington, May 26.—Major Nickerson, who has got himself into a matrimonial scrape, is in Philadelphia flat on his back in a sick bed, completely prostrated by the shock occasioned by his troubles. His physicians say he is in a very serious condition. His lawyers are here to-day from Philadelphia and hold a consultation. Nickerson's friends are very solicitous in the belief that his system is being much shattered by wounds and his sensitiveness at the recent exposure, and say he will never survive the ignominy of conviction by court-martial.

Some time previous to the institution of the proceeding for his divorce, Major Nickerson applied to the war department for an attested record of his military services. He assigned as a reason for preferring this request that he proposed going abroad, and expected to visit Egypt to witness military operations there incidental to the war then in progress between the English government and the Khedive, and as he (Nickerson) was not a graduate at West Point, he desired to use as credentials an attested copy of his military record. Although contrary to precedent the department acceded to his request, and the papers were duly prepared in the adjutant-general's office.

No More Luxuries to Indians.

Washington, May 26.—With a view to keeping Indians on their respective reservations, and also of reducing the expenses of Indian service, the commissioner of Indian affairs has issued a circular to agents of non-treaty Indian agencies, directing them to discontinue supplying Indians with coffee, tea, sugar and tobacco, except as compensation for labor performed.

Land Decision.

Washington, May 26.—The secretary of the interior is directing the recognition of mining claims of settlers upon public lands in Montana, ceded by the Crow Indians, under the agreement of June 12, 1880, and ratified by congress April 12, 1882. The secretary holds that these lands, being ceded by definite boundaries, become public lands upon the date of the approval by act and ratification, and from that date the legal rights of claimants and settlers took effect.

No News from Crook.

Washington, May 26.—Up to 11:30 to-night adjutant general Drum had received no replies sent to El Paso, making inquiries for news relative to Gen. Crook. War department officials discredit the reports that General Crook's command has been massacred.

Partly True as Regards Nickerson.

Washington, May 26.—Major Nickerson did not go abroad, but it now transpires that papers were used upon trial in the divorce case to establish the high standing and record of the plaintiff in the suit.

SPORTING NOTES.

COMPETITIVE DRILL AT NASHVILLE.

Nashville, May 26.—In the great competitive drill to-day the following prizes were awarded by Major John E. Tiernan, United States infantry drill: Mobile Rifles, first, $4800; Crescent Rifles, second, $1000; Treadway Rifles, third, $500. The score was as follows: Out of a possible 10 the Mobile Rifles scored 9.30; Crescent Rifles, New Orleans, 9.14; Treadway Rifles, St. Louis, 8.86; Houston Light Guards, 8.79, and Lawrence Light Infantry, Boston, Mass., 8.24. The artillery score was: Out of a possible 10, Battery C, Louisiana field artillery, 9.30; Battery B, Louisiana field artillery, 9.15; Battery C, Alabama state artillery, 8.82; Washington Light Artillery, New Orleans, 8.61; Nashville Artillery, Nashville, 7.86. Frank J. Badger of the Crescent Rifles took the first prize, a cup, for the best drilled man, and William Reyer took the second prize, a cup. Richard's band of Louisville, Ky., took the $1000 prize, and Postlethwait band of St. Louis the second. Decorah drum corps, Decorah, Ia., took the gold-headed drumsticks.

THE BICYCLE RACE.

Chicago, May 26.—The bicycle tournament closed at 11 o'clock to-night, with the French woman, Louise Armaindo, well in the lead. The three contestants were on the track at the finish, although Woodside did little steady riding during the day. At the close the score stood: Armaindo 844, Morgan 820, Woodside 724.

WALLACE DEFEATS SCHAEFFER.

New York, May 26.—Thomas Wallace, in the billiard tournament this afternoon, played off a tie for the second prize; Wallace was victor. Score—Wallace, 600; best run, 72; average, 71 7-69. Schaeffer, 396; best run, 38; average, 5 [illegible]

VIGNAUX DEFEATS DION.

New York, May 26.—Vignaux easily won the play-off with Dion for the fourth place. Score, 600 to 427. Recapitulation of the regular tournament: Daly won five games and lost one; Wallace won four, and lost two; Shaeffer won four, and lost two; Vignaux won three, and lost three; Dion won three, and lost four; Sexton won two, and lost four; Carton won none, and lost six.

CRIMINAL.

THE MT. STERLING AFFRAY.

Mount Sterling, Ky., May 26.—The sheriff, who came with the mob against the jail here last night and who was wounded by a ball from one of the guards, says: "After advising with the best men in my county, I came here to hang Barnett and others." A bunch of rope with hangman's knot carefully made was found near Ringo's body. Ringo is dangerously wounded, five balls penetrating his right leg ten inches above the knee, necessitating amputation and will probably result fatally. Although the ceiling of the room above is riddled with bullet holes, none of the guards were wounded. The general sentiment of the public here is that it was very unfortunate that the mob did not succeed in hanging the Barnett gang, as they are considered desperadoes of the most dangerous type. This affair seems to be the result of a family feud existing for a long term of years past, which has from first to last cost many lives and will only close with the death of the parties concerned. Ringo, the wounded leader of the mob, has three cousins and one brother-in-law in the outlaw gang whom he was attempting to hang, and which will doubtless cost his life. He has, since 1866, been an officer in this county and has always enjoyed an excellent reputation in this community as a fair officer and a law-abiding citizen.

AN ALLEGED INCENDIARY LYNCHED.

Marianna, Ark., May 26.—At 1 o'clock this morning the livery stable of W. B. Derrick was discovered to be on fire. Entrance was made through the rear, but the fire spread so rapidly that nothing could be saved. Ten fine horses perished in the flames. Some were cut loose from the stalls, but could not be driven out. Derrick's loss is heavy; no insurance. But for a rain an hour previous the business part of the town would have been burned. Supposed to be caused by an incendiary. Suspicion points to a negro discharged several days since. He was looked up but denied his guilt. The proof was so convincing that a body of masked men took him out, shot him and placarded his body as follows: "This is a warning to all house burners." The jury returned a verdict of "Died from gunshot wounds inflicted by some unknown persons." A man named Wormack was shot twice in the leg while trying to save the prisoner.

A BLACK BRUTE HANGED.

Texarkana, May 26.—Joe Young (a negro), who raped Mrs. Caloun, was taken from the Miller county jail at daylight, under a strong guard, and conveyed over dirt roads thirty-five miles to Richmond, in Little River county. Persons who had threatened to rescue the prisoner made no demonstrations, owing doubtless to the formidable escort. Richmond was reached a little after noon, where a great crowd had assembled, and at 1 o'clock the fatal noose was adjusted about Young's neck, and he was swung off. The posse returned to the telegraph station at Texarkana a little before 10 last night.

SUICIDE OF AN ESCAPED BIGAMIST.

Baltimore, May 26.—P. H. Beck, charged with bigamy, escaped from the Baltimore jail Wednesday, and shot himself fatally to-night when the police were about to arrest him.

PRESBYTERIANS AT SARATOGA.

The Establishment of Fraternal Relations Prayed for—The Indians Championed.

Saratoga, May 26.—The general assembly spent an hour in thanksgiving and prayer for the complete establishment of fraternal relations between the northern and the southern churches. The assembly adopted overtures from Cayuga presbytery, recommending the general synods and presbyteries to take measures best to observe the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

Overtures from the Emporia, Neb. presbytery were adopted, asking President Arthur and Secretary Lincoln to grant a petition from 150 Presbyterian members of Chief Joseph's band of Nez Perces Indians, in the Indian territory, to return that band to the Nez Perces reservation in Idaho.

Rev. George L. Spinning made an address in scathing terms of the injustice to the Nez Perces tribe, that never took a white scalp, and never raised their arms till driven from their lands in violation of the treaty.

Overtures were presented from several presbyteries, regarding the Indian policy of the government, recommending that citizenship be conferred on all who ask that lands be held in severalty; that intruders be kept from the Indian territory, and that the government keep inviolable faith with them in every respect.

Rev. Dr. Johnson explained that his report was in unison with the action of the Episcopal general convention and the Methodist general conference.

By unanimous consent Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., introduced six Indian students from the Carlisle, Pennsylvania, school. They were two Creeks, a Comanche, Crow, Arraphoe and Navajo, respectively. Coming on the platform they sang in good time "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Robert Stewart, the Creek, made a big address, asking why they could not live here and work at the trades they learned (he is a printer) instead of being forced back to reservations and demoralizing influences, while the colored men and European immigrants could live where they pleased.

At the afternoon session the general assembly devoted its time to the consideration of amendments to the discipline. The remainder of chapter four was adopted. The principal changes are that no member of a judiciary, not present at the time during a trial, shall on a vote question, secure relief from voting by unanimous consent. The judiciary may sit with closed doors, by a two-third vote, and the accused person may be refused a place at the Lord's table until final action shall be taken.

At the afternoon session the general committee reported the missionary jurisdiction of the west and northwest, so far as financial affairs concerned, was committed to the synod of Chicago, and the jurisdiction of the south to the synod of Philadelphia and New York. The sum of $700 was contributed to the churches of Canada and $1400 to the south, and the treasurer was authorized to receive and distribute contributions from synods. The church in Bermuda was voted $700. A missionary fund of $2400 was raised. The synod decided to meet two years hence, at Peoria, Ill. Adjourned.

FIRES.

THE BOSTON BLAZE.

Boston, May 26.—A revised estimate places the loss by the fire on Bowley street early this morning at between $40,000 and $10[illegible], fully insured.

ENGLAND.

WILL RANK HIGHER.

London, May 26.—It is stated that when Major Baring succeeds the present British diplomatic agent and consul general for Egypt he will be raised to the rank of minister, and receive the emoluments of an ambassador.

SOME WAR FIGURES.

London, May 26.—The Cologne *Gazette* published an article which attracts much attention, pointing out that Germany and Italy can muster 1518 battalions of infantry, 713 squadrons of cavalry, and 446 field guns, while the forces of France and Russia, [illegible] battalions of infantry, 651 squadrons of cavalry, and 1500 field guns. But, it says, the last two states can only operate with divided forces, and the triple alliance can thus outweigh the whole remainder of Europe.

RUPTURE BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA.

London, May 26.—The *Times'* correspondent at St. Petersburg says rumors of a rupture between France and China are imminent and are confirmed. Li Hung Chang has been summoned to take command of the Chinese troops in the province bordering on Tonquin and is daily expected at Shanghai, on the way to his new post to begin operations. It is believed the French minister at Pekin and the Chinese minister at Paris will shortly receive their passports.

AMNESTY TO POLISH EXILES.

London, May 26.—The *Times'* correspondent at Moscow says an imperial manifesto to be issued on the day of the coronation will grant amnesty to all Polish exiles willing to submit to police supervision for two years. No other political prisoners will be pardoned.

IRELAND.

AWARD FOR OUTRAGES.

Dublin, May 26.—Juror Field has been awarded £[illegible] and Huddys £1300, as compensation for outrages they were subjected to on political account.

GERMANY

POLITICAL NOTES FROM GERMANY.

Berlin, May 26.—In the reichstag yesterday Scholz caused considerable surprise by announcing that Bismarck was only hindered by severe suffering from appearing in the house during the debate on the workmen's sick fund bill.

Richter, in the course of debate, accused Windthorst of falsehood, and was called to order by the president.

It is rumored that Van Puttkamer, vice-president of the council and minister of the interior, will probably resign, because of Scholz's refusal to answer the questions of Johannsen, in the reichstag Tuesday last, relative to Germans in North Schleswig.

Brechmann, elected as successor to General Walderse, who left a fortnight ago incognito to inspect the Russian frontier, returned [illegible].

ONE AT A TIME IS SUFFICIENT.

Berlin, May 26.—The vatican, in its reply to the note of Prussia's, complains that while its request for explanations relative to the jurisdiction of bishops and the training of priests was unanswered, Prussia suddenly made new demands. The vatican declines to consider any new proposals until an agreement is reached in matters first mooted.

PLOT TO KILL A KING.

Berlin, May 26.—A private telegram received from Bucharest states that plots to shoot the king of Roumania at the opening session of parliament were discovered. A number of persons implicated in the plot are said to have been arrested.

DUELING IN GERMANY.

Berlin, May 26.—A law student here has been shot and killed in a duel. A captain and a lieutenant in the army also fought a duel, in which eleven shots were exchanged, and the lieutenant mortally wounded.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Berlin, May 26.—A fire in the town of Astermanheid, Holstein, Prussia, destroyed fifty houses.

FRANCE.

FRANCE'S HONOR MUST BE AVENGED.

Paris, May 26.—In the chamber of deputies Brun announced that transports with troops on board, which were in readiness at Toulon, have been ordered to sail for Tonquin. He stated that reinforcements would also be sent to Cochin China.

Perin, for the radicals, declared that his party would vote for credit for the Tonquin expedition, as it was now necessary to avenge the death of Captain Riviere and save the honor of the French flag.

De La'ase, on the part of the right, made a similar statement. The credit then carried by a unanimous vote.

FOURTEEN SOLDIERS KILLED.

Paris, May 26.—In the chamber of deputies to-day Brun, minister of marine, read a telegram from Tonquin stating that fourteen men were killed and ten wounded in the sortie at Hanoi, being surrounded by a numerous force. Two companies of French troops were sent from Saigon to that place, and others will speedily follow.

KILLED IN A SKIRMISH.

Paris, May 26.—An official telegram from Tonquin states that Captain Riviere, commander of the French forces at Tonquin, was killed while making a sortie from Fort Hanoi, and that Captain Devilliers was dangerously wounded. General Bouet has been ordered from Saigon to take the place of Captain Riviere.

RUSSIA.

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION.

Moscow, May 26.—The imperial insignia was conveyed to the throne room to-day in preparation for the coronation. A Te Deum was sung this morning in the church of the Savior in the presence of the emperor, empress and imperial family. A heavy rain has been falling all day, and it is feared that the out door ceremonies and illuminations fixed for to-morrow will be marred in consequence of unfavorable weather.

DENMARK.

PETITION FOR A NEW MINISTRY.

Copenhagen, May 26.—A deputation of radicals and moderate liberals waited on the king and asked him to appoint a new ministry. The king replied that he respected the rights of the nation, but upheld his own right to choose ministers.

EGYPT.

FROM HICKS PASHA.

Cairo, May 26.—Hicks Pasha telegraphs that the followers of El Mahdi continue to submit. El Mahdi, however, is preparing to attack the Egyptians near Duhmia. Hicks Pasha complains that the Egyptian troops are insubordinate.

ITALY.

ERRINGTON AND THE VATICAN.

Rome, May 26.—Errington is in active communication with the foreign office at the Vatican.

CANADA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INDEMNIFIED.

Ottawa, May 26.—Respecting the settlement of disputes between the dominion government and the province of British Columbia, the dominion government has agreed to give a money grant to the province amounting to $1,050,000 of which $750,000 is to indemnify the province for loss sustained in carrying out the terms of the confederation, and in the delay in building the Canadian Pacific railway, and $250,000 in aid of the construction of the Esquimalt dry dock.

TURKEY.

TURKISH NEWS NOTES.

Constantinople, May 26.—Abdel Cadir, the famous Algerian chief, is dead.

A council of ministers will be held to-morrow to consider Minister Wallace's protest against the 8 per cent advalorem duty imposed on American goods.

CALIFORNIA.

Terrible Tragedy at Visalia.

Visalia, May 26.—About 8 o'clock last evening, as I. M. Harlan, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was returning from a buggy ride with the wife, a son aged 4 years, and a daughter aged 6 years, of Levi Elliott, Elliott met the party at the entrance to his premises, and, exclaiming "You —— —I've caught you," opened fire with a revolver on Harlan. Harlan shielded himself with the body of the little girl, who received a bullet in the breast and died in a few minutes. Harlan was wounded in the right hand, the left wrist and the hip. After firing, Elliott either shot himself or was shot by Harlan through the heart, expiring instantly. It is difficult to determine which was the case, but from Harlan's manner and the finding of two pistols near the scene of the affray, it is believed Harlan shot Elliott. Harlan, after the shooting, went to a drug store, where his wounds were dressed. He was then taken by the sheriff to the jail, where he is now confined. The affair has caused quite an excitement and threats of lynching Harlan are freely made. Harlan has recently separated from his wife, and Elliott's wife was seeking a divorce from him. Harlan and Mrs. Elliott have furnished much food for scandal by their intimacy for some weeks past.

San Francisco Notes.

Leland Stanford leaves to-day for Europe on the steamer Germanic.

The temperature here yesterday was 84 degrees in the shade.

The Vigo Bay Treasure Company has incorporated. Purpose: To profit by a right conceded by the king of Spain to explore the bottom of the bay of Vigo, Spain, and extract therefrom whatever treasures they may find. Capital stock, $800,000.

Large Land Sale in Texas.

San Antonio, Tex., May 26.—An 180,000 acre purchase of land in the Panhandle of Texas by an English syndicate is reported. Price, $3,000,000. The tract will be fenced. It borders twenty miles on the Indian territory.

Lorne's Farewell.

Ottawa, May 26.—The governor general in his prorogation speech yesterday congratulated members upon the buoyant state of the revenue which enabled them to grant aid to railways and for construction of works of internal improvement. He closed as follows: "I desire to thank you for the great honor conferred on me by presenting a joint address. The princess and I have both been profoundly touched by your words, and the message of which you made us the bearers, as we personally know, from a people determined to remain within the empire. The severance of my official connection with Canada does not loosen the ties of affection, which will make me desire to serve this country. I pray that the prosperity I have seen you enjoy may continue and that the blessings of God may at all times be yours to strengthen in unity and peace." The session of parliament was then formally prorogued by the governor general.

[illegible] formerly of the Oro Fino, [illegible] is now keeping the [illegible], Vancouver, and making it a first class house in every respect.

THE OREGON SHORT LINE.

It will not Terminate at Burnt River, but will Push Through to the Coast.

Chicago, May 26.—The *Times* says it is announced that an agreement has been entered into between the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific railways, under which territory west of the Snake river in Oregon, Washington and northern Idaho should be regarded as belonging to the Northern Pacific, or the Villard combination, and all east of the Snake river should belong to the Union Pacific, or the Gould combination. The agreement is understood to contain further stipulations in reference to joint occupancy of the territory of Montana. Under the agreement the public are given to understand that the extension of the Union Pacific, known as the Oregon Short Line, was to terminate at Burnt river, and the

BAKER CITY BRANCH

of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company was to terminate at the same place, where a junction would be formed. It transpires that little or no regard is being paid to the alleged agreement. It is said the Oregon Short Line is expending thousands of dollars in surveys and location of a line beyond the point where it was understood to have agreed to stop. The impression is growing that Villard has been giving the Union Pacific people a wild goose chase, and is putting his forces in the field to occupy territory east of the Snake river, and to take in Boise City, upon the invitation of its citizens, who are anxious to have a competing line. Many do not believe the road will be built 450 miles

THROUGH A DESERT COUNTRY

and then stop 400 miles short of the Pacific coast at the very threshold of a section that would furnish the very best of local traffic. For this reason they favor the extension of the Northern Pacific, and as a gentleman from the extreme northwest said to a reporter, "give the western outlet an opportunity to construct through a country where it is needed."

Surveys are now being made by the Union Pacific road of Snake river that will never have one road constructed upon them, and are believed to be made for the purpose of securing an agreement, different from the one that is said to exist, about territory east and west of the Snake river. The people of the country mentioned are of the belief that there will yet be a hard struggle between the two combinations for the possession of important territory in the extreme northwest, which will result in the building of several important branches of road next year.

THE PILOT DISASTER.

Later Dispatches but Confirm the Terrible Loss of Life at First Reported.

San Francisco, May 26.—The steamer Belle brought the wounded persons from the wrecked Pilot to Petaluma, where the best attention is given them. Last night nothing was visible of the wreck except a few stacks. At low tide her stern and the upper part of the forward deck are out of the water. When the boiler burst it cut through the top it carried everything with it.

The steamboat inspectors at Petaluma are to make an examination, but will say nothing until the examination is completed. The Belle is now at the scene of the disaster to save parts of the wreck and recover bodies of the victims.

The latest victims are J. J. Hagan of San Francisco, killed; Mrs. George P. McNear of Petaluma, died from wounds; four sons of W. F. Mathers, drowned; J. Shattuck, fireman and pilot, killed; B. F. Graves, captain of the Pilot, knocked senseless and cut in the forehead; J. T. McCalvy, broken arm; W. F. Mathers, badly scalded and severely bruised; infant child of Mrs. W. F. Mathers, badly scalded, cannot survive; George C. Palmer of the Pilot, wounded in the neck and four ribs broken—his case is regarded as almost hopeless by the surgeons; William Sullivan, slight wound in the right side of nose.

The following are reported missing: Horace Bell, mate of the Pilot; A. J. Blackwell; Thomas Crawford, engineer of the Pilot; G. W. Gwynn, A. Hawes, steward of the Pilot; Miss Mathers, daughter of W. F. Mathers; Peter McCabe, deck hand of the Pilot; —— Richmond, deck hand of the Pilot; N. Silva, cabin boy of the Pilot, and an unknown man, deck hand.

THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

Militia and a Civil Posse Guarding the Threatened Pits—A Peaceful Ending Hoped for.

St. Louis, May 26.—Accounts from Collinsville this morning report everything quiet there. Two companies of militia, one from Edwardsville and the other from Taylorsville, are on the ground and no further trouble at that place or in that vicinity is apprehended. Col. Bensley of the Fifth regiment, national guard, is in command of the troops, and Deputy Sheriff Bangland of St. Clair county and Sheriff Holz of Madison county are there with a civil posse. The Abbey Company's two pits, which work by machinery, the Confidence and Brookside mines, and two pits of the Collinsville Company, all of which employ only non-union miners, resumed work this morning. These mines are on the Vandalia road, and there is no further danger of molestation, so long as the authorities guard them.

THE STRIKERS OFFERED NO OPPOSITION

to the militia, nor to the civil posse, and have left the neighborhood. The only other mines in operation in St. Clair county are at Mariesa, near Belleville. The strikers have ordered them shut down, but the county and state authorities have taken such active measures to preserve order and protect men willing to work, that it is not likely they will make any demonstration. It looks now as though the trouble is ended, but whether the miners generally will resume work at once is not known.

It is said operatives are willing to pay the miners 2½ cents, the price demanded by them for digging, but refuse to submit to the other terms and conditions imposed. Probably a compromise will be effected in a few days, when operations throughout the district will be resumed.

St. Louis, May 26.—Reporters who returned to-night from Collinsville report everything quiet. The mines were in operation to-day. The presence of militia seems to have completely quelled the turbulent spirit manifested yesterday, and no further disturbance is apprehended in or around Collinsville. The military will remain there, however, until it is certain that the civil authorities can easily maintain order. Warrants were issued this afternoon for some thirty of the leading strikers, and every man who can be identified as having been connected with the demonstration in the past two days will be arrested and prosecuted under the law, which imposes a penalty of $500 fine and six months' imprisonment.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

At Havana, twenty-two deaths occurred from yellow fever last week.

Callers on President Arthur Saturday were numerous, but few were admitted.

Senator Anthony's health has so much improved as to admit of his taking drives.

General Thomas has been appointed governor of Paris, vice General Sabatier, deceased.

The Tabor milling company's stamp mill at Leadville was burned Saturday morning. Loss, $80,000.

The contest has begun for the selection of a rifle team to compete at Wimbledon with the American team.

Bank statement: Reserve, increase, $2,416,174. Banks now hold $9,177,400 in excess of legal requirements.

The Swedish ministry has resigned, in consequence of a defeat in the diet on the army organization bill.

Eight thousand emigrants, most of them Mormons, have passed through Hull in the past few days for America.

A conspiracy against the Turkish government has been discovered at Van. Three hundred persons were arrested for connection with it.

The market buildings and a large section of the business part of the village of Uxbridge, Ontario, were burned Saturday. Loss, $30,000.

At Philadelphia, Charles and Burd Milliken, brothers, were drowned while fishing, Saturday. One went to the assistance of the other.

Governor Newbury of Rhode Island is suffering from rheumatism, and it is feared he will be unable to go to Newport Tuesday to be inaugurated.

At Louisville, the graves of confederate dead were quietly decorated Saturday afternoon. There were no ceremonies, other than a prayer by Bishop Dudley and the singing of hymns.

At Dundee the training ship Mars was partially destroyed by fire on Saturday. Four hundred boys were aboard when the flames were discovered. All were saved. It is suspected that the fire was started by an incendiary.

The Nashville Fair.

Nashville, Tenn., May 25.—The attendance at the fair grounds this afternoon is the largest ever known in this city, and is estimated in the neighborhood of twenty thousand people. After dinner artillery drill was resumed by companies B and C of the Louisiana field artillery; this was followed by a dress parade, in which all the troops present participated. A sham battle followed. General G. S. Bentley of Iowa led the attacking party and Colonel I. G. Butler of the Missouri National Guards commanded the defending forces. The battle was fought over the entire enclosure of the fair grounds, covering an area of one mile. The forces consisting of infantry, artillery and cavalry. The attacking party was victorious and drove a portion of the defenders back into the drill ground, where the batteries were captured at the point of the bayonet. The firing heard in the city recalled vividly recollections of the historic battle of Nashville and had a familiar and not over-pleasant sound to the volunteers of both sections. Only one accident occurred in the slight wounding of William Walsh of the Treadway rifles by the wadding from a field piece as he, with others, was discharging the battery. He was knocked senseless, but recovered in a short time, and is all right again. The exercise of the day concluded with a brilliant pyrotechnic display in the old academy grounds in the western portion of the city. The drill concludes to-morrow, when the names of the victorious companies will be announced and premiums awarded.

Sitting Bull's Baptism.

Cincinnati, May 26.—Mr. H. A. Farney, an artist who has been doing illustrations of Indian life for *Harper's*, was anxious to be present at the baptism of Sitting Bull in the Catholic church if it should occur. He telegraphed an inquiry to Dakota and to-night received the following from the Indian agent: "Fort Yates, Dakota—The reported baptism of Sitting Bull is erroneous. There is no immediate prospect of such ceremony, so far as I am aware of."

Execution in Arkansas.

Clarendon, Ark., May 25.—At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, in the presence of 3000 people, Jack Taylor, a white man, was hung for the murder of an old man named Hugh Ingraham, who three years ago ordered him from his house when Taylor was drunk. To the last Taylor refused to confess, maintaining that he killed Ingraham in self-defense. He began to speak from the gallows, but changed his mind and bid the crowd good-bye, saying that he hoped to meet them all in heaven. In twenty minutes the body was cut down.

Dying.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 26.—Ex-Chief Justice George Sharswood, of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, is dying. It is not believed that he will live until morning.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MINISTER MORTON'S MISSION.

Paris, May 26.—An interview to-day between Morton, the United States minister, and Challemel Lacour, the French minister of foreign affairs, has given rise to the report that Morton had received instructions to confer with the French authorities on the Madagascar question.

A SOCIAL EVENT.

At a grand reception at the U. S. legation, nearly all the foreign ambassadors and leading members of society were present.

THE QUEEN'S MOVEMENTS.

London, May 26.—Queen Victoria has left Windsor for Balmoral.

Execution at Shreveport.

Shreveport, May 26.—Alexander Coleman, colored, was hanged at Bellevue, Bossier parish, yesterday afternoon, for the murder of his brother-in-law, John Goyle, on the night of August 22. Coleman confessed his guilt, and also said that he killed John Belton, his step-father, six years ago, for which a young man (white) named Benny Shaw was tried. Coleman's neck was broken.

Train Accident.

St. Paul, May 26.—As a mixed train on the Northwestern road was [illegible] Marshall, over a long trestle, it ran over a cow. One coach and two freights loaded with wheat were ditched, and conductor Jerome Bonner was covered by wheat and smothered to death.

Smallpox in Minnesota.

St. Michaels, Minn., May 26.—Twenty-five cases of smallpox here and several deaths have already occurred. There is great indignation among neighboring cities over the negligence of the authorities in providing means to prevent the spread of the disease.

Major Wasson's Case.

Galveston, May 26.—At San Antonio Major Wasson, defaulting army paymaster, had a secret consultation with his legal adviser, and it is thought that the amount of the defalcation will be refunded before the trial, with the view of escaping the penitentiary.

Arthur Dined.

New York, May 26.—William Bartlett gave a dinner to-day at the University Club in honor of President Arthur.

THE HEBER NEWTON CASE.

Decided Views of a Presbyterian Organ.

Presbyterian Banner.

The question at issue here and in all other ecclesiastical trials not involving moral character, is, as Bishop Huntington has clearly pointed out, one of contract. No one disputes the right of Rev. Heber Newton to change his opinions or to propagate them; but it is insisted that when he has solemnly pledged himself to the church to set forth a particular system of doctrine and no other, he should leave that church at once when he feels constrained to adopt and declare views altogether different. This is the only manly and honorable way. The action of Bishop Potter will be awaited with much interest, but he will hardly dare to push such an indictment as has been presented. Mr. McKim, one of the presentors, says truly: "The doctrines thus publicly and deliberately set forth by Mr. Newton are in the judgment of the presentors destructive of the foundation upon which the Protestant Episcopal church is built. They assail the citadel of the christian faith. They reduce christianity to a transient phase of natural religion. They enthrone the doctrine of evolution above that of Christ himself. And the publication of such opinions by a clergyman of the church, from pulpit and press, under circumstances of the greatest notoriety, has become a grave scandal throughout the church. To pass by such and offense without a rebuke or protest would be to betray the faith 'once delivered to the saints,' to encourage in our ministry the most dangerous forms of unbelief, to put a stumbling block in the way of thousands of the church's children, and to expose our standards and formularies to the scorn and derision of christendom."

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Newton will endeavor to remain in a church whose faith he has publicly repudiated, and if he does, whether the Episcopal church will free itself from the accusation that it will permit within its pale teachings entirely subversive of its very foundations and that it is without power to protect itself.

Methodist Comment Same.

Northern Christian Advocate.

It is no surprise to intelligent and thoughtful people that a number of distinguished clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal church have joined in a presentment of charges against Rev. Heber Newton. On the contrary, it is a matter of astonishment to many that, holding and feeling it his duty to declare the sentiments which he uttered in his recent course of sermons on the bible, he should still linger in the church to have his right to speak in her name tested in a formal trial. Is there any manliness in such a course? No man knows better than he not only that he has been teaching doctrines which are contrary to the tenets of his church, but also that in teaching them he directly and boldly violated his ordination vows, though absolutely free to leave the church when he found his settled convictions and his sense of duty out of harmony with the obligations of his ministry. And yet, of course, there are a few papers, claiming to represent the "liberality" and "free thought" of the nineteenth century, that make haste to denounce Mr. Newton's prosecutors as bigots. The Boston *Herald* says, with a half-patronizing air, that they "represent the bigoted and high section of the Episcopal church, but not its scholarship in any, its intelligence, nor its sympathy, with the life and spirit of the age." It does not believe that the bishop, who has discretionary power in the case, will allow a trial; "not that he accepts Dr. Newton's opinions; not that he has no regard for the integrity of the christian belief; but he doubtless perceives, what all open-minded men very well understand, that a changed opinion about the bible is one of the necessities of the time and that it is impossible to stop the present revolution in opinion." But what, pray, is the *Herald's* estimate of honesty and manhood? Is it quite honorable to stay in a church and inveigh against its doctrines? Must the Episcopal church stultify itself in order that its "scholarship" and "intelligence" may be in "sympathy with the spirit of the age." What a liberal-minded gentleman Bishop Potter would be if, notwithstanding his "regard for the integrity of christian belief," he could approve the present "revolution in opinion," and at the same time stay in the church and thus belie his own convictions before the world! But probably one element of his nature stands in the way of this: His self-respect doubtless compels him to regard with unutterable contempt the compliments and advice of the *Herald*.

THE NICKERSON SCANDAL.

The Divorce Obtained by False Swearing—The Wife's Story.

(Washington Letter May 12.)

The last of April a brief mention appeared in the *Times* of the fact that three days after obtaining a divorce in Philadelphia from his wife, who was in Europe, as she had been for three years, Major Azor H. Nickerson, assistant adjutant-general U. S. A., had married Miss Carter in Baltimore. As stated then, the affair was regarded as very mysterious here by his friends, especially those who had known his first wife. Within a few days light has been thrown upon the matter by the friends and relatives of his divorced wife, who has recently returned from Europe with her only child, a daughter 11 years old, and it is now rumored that the divorce was obtained in such wise that it will be the subject of investigation by military as well as civil courts. Indignation is expressed by the friends of his first wife, who is the niece of the historian Bancroft of California. Her mother also lives here.

The story, as told by her friends who have heard from her, is that she knew nothing of the proceedings for the divorce, or of its being granted, until her relatives, hearing of his marriage, telegraphed the news to her and sent her money to come home. Believing her husband true to her and unconscious of any cause he had to seek to annul their marriage, Mrs. Nickerson had begged from the first year of her stay in Europe, where she was lonely and discontented, to be allowed to return, but her requests, at first refused for reasons that she thought indicated pecuniary embarrassment on her husband's part and excited in her no suspicion, at last were wholly ignored, and for a year before the divorce was obtained he did not write to her at all, but the small allowance he made her and their child was sent to the latter regularly without a word to the mother. Then, knowing something serious was the matter, she began writing to relatives to inquire about him, and at last was forced to ask her mother to send her the means to return. Meantime stories in her husband's interest were circulated saying that she had abandoned him and remained in Europe from preference. It is partly to contradict this false rumor, in justice to her, that her friends in Washington are now telling what they believe to be the facts in the case.

It is said that in getting the divorce in Philadelphia, notwithstanding the fact that she wrote to him regularly and that he had sent her money regularly, Major Nickerson swore that she had deserted him and that he did not even know where she was.

MINING STOCKS REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 26.

Alpha	2 25	Mexican	4 00
Belcher	1 50	Ophir	[illegible] 95
Best and Belcher	4 75	Overman	79
California	[illegible]	Potosi	1 75
Chollar	3 [illegible]	Savage	[illegible] 05
Con. Virginia	[illegible]	Sierra Nevada	[illegible]
Crown Point	1 [illegible]	Union	6 [illegible]
Gould and Curry	3 80	Yellow Jacket	[illegible]
Hale and Norcross	8 25		

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Royalty and Freemasonry.

It is well known that Frederick the Great was a warm friend of the order of Free Masons, and himself one of its members. In proof thereof there exists a letter of his, just now unearthed by German newspapers, which he wrote on February 7, 1778, to two Dominican and Capuchin priests of Aix-la-Chapelle, who had incited the mob against the Masonic lodge then re-established in that city. In this letter he said: "Various reports, confirmed by the public papers, have informed me with what zeal you, very reverend fathers, forge the sword of fanaticism against the peaceable, virtuous, and estimable people called Free Masons. As a former dignitary of that order I must, as far as lies in my power, repel the calumny which attacks it, and lift the dark veil covering the temple we have erected to every virtue, and which you consider the resort of every vice. What, my very reverend fathers, would you recall those centuries of ignorance and fanaticism which so long disgraced human reason? * * * You not only call the Masons sorcerers, but you accuse them of being rogues, precursors of the anti-Christ, and you exhort an obtuse people to exterminate the accursed brood. Rogues! my very reverend fathers, do not, like ourselves, make it a duty to assist the poor and the orphaned. Rogues on the contrary rob them, and fatten on their prey in idleness and hypocrisy."

As a companion picture to the foregoing, the following will be of interest to the craft: The crown prince of Germany is an earnest Free Mason and recently delivered an address before the Royal York Lodge in Berlin, which caused a great sensation and drew forth much comment. The burden of his remarks was that Free Masons should be more progressive and that instead of clinging to old traditions, whose only importance is their antiquity, they should distinguish themselves by being in the foremost rank of seekers after new and living truths.

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Liabilities ... $37,[illegible]
Surplus ... $10,[illegible]
Income ... $11,[illegible]
Paid Policy Holders in 1882 ... $5,[illegible]
New Assurance written in 1882 ... $[illegible]

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John Connolly to J. F. Cook, L 7, B 261, E. P., May 16—$[illegible].
Huebner & Leahy to A. L. and T. F. Kane, L 6, 9, 10, 11, B 7, [illegible].